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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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INGLESIDE MUSINGS

AND

TALES TOLD IN RHYME.

BY

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,

Author of "Friend and Foe," "Through the Shadows," &c.

WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

I FAIN WOULD SING A SONG THAT IN THE YEARS
THAT PASS SO SWIFTLY DOWN THE SILENT WAY,
WOULD LIVE TO CHARM AND THRILL THE HUMAN HEART—
A SONG WITH MUSIC FOR ANOTHER DAY.

DALBEATTIE : THOMAS FRASER.

1890.

TO
GEORGE HAMILTON, Esq.,
THIS VOLUME IS
Gratefully Inscribed
BY THE AUTHOR.

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INGLESIDE MUSINGS

AND

TALES TOLD IN RHYME.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

I CAME down the path from the mountain,
In the fall of the evening grey ;
And the dancing, crystal streamlet
Was singing the dirge of day.
The note of the blackbird echoed
Away down the deep ravine ;
Then ceased in the gathering shadows,
As its music had never been.
I stood on the bridge in the twilight,
When over the deep'ning blue
The autumn moon came sailing,
As eastward the cloudlets flew.
On my heart was a weight of sorrow,
And it throbbed 'neath the heavy load ;
For my trial had been so weary,
And my soul was against my God.

My tongue had been given to cursing—
My thoughts thrown to meaner things,
But I dreamt not my soul would be soaring
That night upon angel's wings.

Below me, away in the distance,
Was the ceaseless and dismal roar
Of the teeming town, and it thousands,
With sin in its hollow core.
The dun smoke-clouds were wreathing
Their way through the lurid glow,
While vice, and crime, in their horror,
Were weltering far below.
'Twas then when the day was hiding
His face in the folds of night,
That the harlot came from her brothel ;
For she loved not the eye of light.
The murderer stole on his victim
With keen and remorseless blade—
With a wanton thirst for carnage,
And he spared neither mother nor maid.
The thief, with step of the panther,
Was cutting the bolts and bars ;
And the felon was deftly wielding
His brand in the social wars.
The hungry and haggard were creeping
Away from the gaslight glare ;

And the millionaire was feasting
 His friends upon sumptuous fare.
 The drunkard was staggering homeward,
 With sense in a demon's grip—
 With heavy and drooping eyelid,
 And a maudlin smile on his lip.

I had seen all this in the bygone,
 Away in the other years ;
 While it filled my soul with sorrow,
 And my eyes with the burning tears.
 I thought, and can heaven be smiling
 On this sinning vat of sin ?
 Can the Mighty Lord of the nations
 Be knocking, to enter in ?
 For the birds sang their woodland anthems
 To the chorusing of the rill ;
 And the lambkins were gaily sporting,
 On the brow of the verdant hill.
 Still brightly the day was beaming,
 While the earth was so passing fair ;
 The fields with the flowers were teeming,
 And sweet was the summer air.
 While day after day was gliding,
 O'er the bygone's silent floor ;
 Till they faded away in the vista,
 To the grave of the nevermore.

So my heart grew hard as the granite,
 On the brow of my native hill !
 And my soul swept away to the doubt-land,
 As I drank of the world my fill ;
 But sorrow came wringing my heart-strings,
 And wreathing my soul in woe,
 Till I longed for the pure, and the holy,
 And my loves of the long ago.
 Then the voice of an angel whispered,
 “ The battle is fierce and keen ;
 Go down to the strife like a soldier,
 Be strong in the heavenly sheen,
 Give bread to the weak and hungry—
 Give drink to the thirsty soul,
 And heed not the hell-fire gleaming,
 Nor the depth of the thunders roll,
 But stoop to lift up thy brother,
 Who falls in the sick'ning strife ;
 And help to fan into brightness
 The spark of a nobler life.
 There is sorrow, and sighing, and sinning—
 There is hunger, and thirst, and pain,
 It is thine to be bringing the gladness,
 To the life of thy brother again,
 And then shall the shadows be fleeing
 'Fore the light of a glorious time,
 When earth shall be pure as an Eden,
 And life like a musical rhyme.

Then go and be doing thy duty,
 In the thick of the dust and the strife ;
 For in this lie the truth and the beauty
 Of a higher and nobler life."

SUNDERED.

PROLOGUE.

TWAS a balmy eve in summer,
 By the dark and rolling river,
 And the sun was speeding downward
 To the chambers of the west ;
 While the merle awoke the echoes
 Of the thickly wooded uplands
 With his mellow thrilling pæans
 Ere he sought his downy nest ;
 And the daisy closed its petals,
 As it sipped the welcome nectar,
 Falling from the lofty ether,
 In the pearly drops of dew ;
 And the lady-fern was fringing
 All the banks along the river,
 Where the bonnie blue-eyed speedwell
 In its sweet profusion grew.

On a bank, beneath the shadow
 Of a golden-flowered laburnum,
 Sat a dark-eyed youth of twenty,
 And a maiden, sweet and fair.
 His, the face of sun-browned toiler—
 Frank and firm, brave and manly,
 Like a stalwart son of Galdus,
 With a soul to do and dare.
 Hers, a face so sweet and pretty,
 Lily-white, and blush-rose tinted,
 And her eyes, of liquid brightness,
 Were like violets bathed in dew.
 And 'her lover thought their brightness
 Was her pure young soul reflecting,
 As the summer skies are mirrored
 On a sea of deepest blue.
 Her shining golden tresses
 Were as bright as clouds of morning,
 When, with rosy fingers, Phœbus
 Gilds the early summer dawn.
 They were lovers, and repeated
 O'er and o'er their tender passion,
 Which was sweet to them as dewdrops
 To the flow'rets of the lawn.
 They were parting on the morrow—
 These two hearts, so fresh and tender :
 They were parting on the morrow,
 Ne'er, alas ! to meet again.

And they dreamt not of the spectre,
 That would some day glide between them,
 With hellish hand to sever
 Their confiding hearts in twain.

Stands the youth, beside the river,
 And the gloaming shades are falling,
 While the autumn sun is sinking
 In his glory in the west,
 And the birds have ceased their trilling,
 But the woodland dove is cooing
 A note of amorous fondness,
 To his mate within the nest.
 He is thinking of his sweetheart—
 Of his Nelly, fond and trusting,
 And his broad swart brow is clouded
 With the sadness of his heart.
 He has sought the old laburnum,
 Where oftentimes in the summer,
 They had had their sweet love trysting,
 Ere they thought that they would part.
 O'er and o'er he reads the letter
 That to-day the postman brought him ;
 And it tells him of the city,
 With its giddy whirl and din,
 Of the churches and the steeples—

Of the shops so big and brilliant,
But it never had a whisper,
Of the sorrow, and the sin.
She had got a situation
In the suburbs of the city,
Where they kept "whole six maid servants,
And a coachman, and a groom.
There's a butler, and a footman
(They have all such splendid liv'ry),
And the master has a mansion
At a place called Ellerblume;
There's a grown-up son and daughter,
And the mistress—such a lady!—
So, I'll say no more at present,
But will write you soon again."
Now the shades of night have fallen
O'er the mellow-tinted landscape,
And the silver moon is shining
Over hill, and sea, and plain;
And the lover slowly follows
The pathway up the hillside,
To the little trellised cottage
On the margin of the wood.
Then he's kneeling in his closet,
By his clean but humble pallet,
And he prays the great 'Protector'—
"Keep my Nelly pure and good."

AFTER 20 YEARS.

"It is cold to-night!" and the wintry wind
 Comes through the trees with an eerie sigh,
 Like the wail of a lone one longing for rest—
 Weary with fighting, and fain would die.
 The river is rolling so dark and deep,
 Its waves are tipped with the pale moonbeam,
 And they seem to be whispering 'rest, sweet rest'—
 A dreamless sleep in the rolling stream."

"It is cold to-night!" but 'tis not the wind
 That is whispering this through the leafless trees—
 'Tis a wail rising up from a human heart,
 That comes to the ear on the wintry breeze.
 From a human heart, for beneath a tree—
 The old laburnum of long ago—
 Is crouching a woman so pale and thin,
 And her face is the picture of pain and woe.

"It is cold to-night! so unlike the time
 I was here before in the bygone years;
 It seems to me ages of sorrow and erime
 Since that summer eve when we parted here—
 When we parted here, 'neath this dear old tree,
 Where we made our vows of eternal truth,
 And never dreamt of the snares that lie
 Hid in the pathway of thoughtless youth.

“ It is cold to-night ! but what care I,
 ’Tis an awful fire that is burning here,
 And it licks up the stream of my sinful life—
 O ! would to heaven I could shed a tear.
 But no ; since the day when the seething brand
 Went into my flesh, I have never known
 The heavenly power of the pearly tear—
 My heart’s relief is a weary moan.

“ It is cold to-night ! and the bitter wind
 Is like the breath of the cruel world ;
 Let the footstep fall on the verge of sin,
 And life to the dark abyss is hurled.
 It was ever so—and the weak must fall
 ’Neath the hurrying feet of the righteous crowd,
 And the erring must creep away and die,
 Though the cry for succour be long and loud.

“ It is cold to-night ! and I would to heaven
 It would freeze my brain, that the past might fade ;
 It comes to my soul like a hideous dream—
 Like the slimy track that the serpent made.
 It will not fade, for it still is there,
 Like the ghost of hope, and a stainless life ;
 And it tells me instead of a loathsome thing,
 I might have been blest as the toiler’s wife.

" It is cold to-night ! and so like the time
 When I fell 'neath the power of the tempter's art,
 When I fell, to find that the *roué* lord
 Had an angel's form and a devil's heart.
 My far-off home, and my own true love,
 All fell 'neath the power of the tempter's charms,
 And the fatal glamour came o'er my soul
 When I went to sleep in the tempter's arms.

" It is cold to-night ! and so like the time
 When his offspring wailed on my tortured heart,
 When he cast me off like a puppet thing
 That had done its day, and had played its part.
 I prayed him hard, but he turned away
 With a smile of scorn on his handsome face—
 ' I can't be bored with a thing like you,
 You ought to have kept to your proper place.'

" It is cold to-night ! and the river gleams
 'Neath the silver moon—it is like the time
 When my fingers clutched, in a frenzied hour,
 The loathsome hand of the demon—crime.
 When down by the wharves, where the inky stream
 Was lapping and laving the rotting piles,
 I sent his dead child floating away,
 Free from the world and its sinful wiles.

" It is cold to-night, as the words that fell
 From the judge's lips to my sinful heart,
 When he sent me away from the gaping crowd
 To the convict world to play a part.
 Oh, fool ! had I followed my wailing child
 To the slimy depths of the inky stream,
 All else beyond would have been as naught
 To the after years and this hideous dream.

" It is cold to-night, O ! so bitter cold,
 And my heart is weary, and fain would rest ;
 Could I lay my head—as of long ago—
 On Willie's tender and manly breast.
 But no, I made his life like mine—
 As dark as night with a starless sky ;
 I will go to rest in the river there,
 Where the moonbeams play and the cold winds sigh."

" It is cold to-night !" and the wintry wind
 Comes through the trees with an eerie sigh,
 Like the wail of a lone one longing for rest—
 Weary with fighting, and fain would die.
 The river is rolling so dark and deep,
 And the waves are bright with the pale moonbeam ;
 And still they are whispering ' rest, sweet rest '—
 A dreamless sleep in the rolling stream.

AFTER 30 YEARS.

" Free once again ! but the cankerworm
 Hath found its way to my panting heart,
 I've tasted the cup, I will drink the dregs,
 I have felt the lash, and its bitter smart ;
 I have lost my hold of a better life,
 My soul is blind to a better world,
 And now I will follow the downward path,
 Till over the cliffs of death I'm hurled.
 And she is dead ? It is better so,
 'Tis well she is gone from this scene of strife ;
 O ! could the river but wash away
 The record dark of a blighted life,
 And bring her back with a soul as pure
 As when we sat by the trysting tree,
 There might be hope for the crime-stained soul—
 The hounded felon might then be free !
 But no ; it can never be, and I
 Must drift away on the sea of sin—
 Go down to the dens, in the filthy slums,
 Where never a ray of light peeps in.
 No, never a ray of light comes there,
 For darkness is best in the home of crime,
 And a bright sunbeam might wring the heart
 With thoughts of a brighter and happier time.
 What a hideous nightmare my life has been
 Since I plunged the knife in the villain's heart.

O ! could the blade but have reached his soul,
 I then would have thought I had done my part ;
 For what cared I for the hangman's noose
 That dangled down from the black crossbeam,
 'Twould have been the end of a wretched life—
 The waking up from an awful dream.

“ But my soul will seek for a single glimpse
 Of the dear old home by the Dee's dark tide—
 Of the trysting tree with its golden bloom,
 And the blue speedwell by the river side,
 To list again to the mellow song
 That the mavis sang in the evening grey,
 When the distant west was ablaze with gold,
 The afterglow of a summer day.
 Then came the gloom o'er a bright young life,
 When the weak one fell to the monster's lust ;
 Her soul grew sick with the giddy height,
 And she reeled to hell as the harlot must.
 But the lordling lived, and he laughed aloud
 When he told his set of the blighted flower
 He had cast away to droop and die,
 The puppet thing of a fleeting hour.
 They laugh aloud in their heartless way,
 Those scented sons of the gilded few,
 That deem the crowds in the busy hives
 A soulless, worthless, senseless crew.

But there are hearts in the toiling throng,
 With souls to love, with the power of hate,
 To find a foothold, firm and sure,
 And strike like the iron hand of fate.
 That lordling felt when the keen steel blade
 Went into his vitals, the powerful hand,
 Toil-browned and hard, with a demon's grip,
 That strikes for virtue in this fair land.
 He murdered my love with his treacherous art,
 He murdered my life without a pang,
 I murdered him, and the righteous law
 Condemned me then like a dog to hang.
 But that was mercy beside the life
 Of torture spent in the convict's chains ;
 I had not suffered enough, they said,
 So they added hell to my earthly pains.
 And I am free, for a time at least,
 But ever an outcast odious thing,
 With nothing left in the world for me
 But to follow on in the path of sin.
 Then all is lost, and I must live
 With the murderer's heart and the leper's skin—
 Must live in the dens of the filthy slums,
 Where never a ray of light peeps in.
 No, never a ray of light comes there,
 For darkness is best in the home of crime,
 And a bright sunbeam might wring the heart
 With thoughts of a brighter and happier time."



HESBA.

WHERE the rose blooms, there by the garden walk,
Shedding its brightness and its odour rare,
'Tis there, at noon, I linger long to talk
With Hesba, and to stand beside her chair ;
Catching her words that fall, like full-tuned notes,
Thrilling and pure, from wingéd songster's throats.

The sunbeam dances 'mid her golden hair,
As it were envious of the rippling sheen,
That aureole-like hangs o'er a brow as fair
As ever graced the head of Eastern queen ;
While love's own touch lights up her bright blue eye,
That knows no brighter save the summer sky.

I still am with her when the lamplight falls
With golden radiance on the gathering throng,
When mirth and music fill the frescoed halls,
And life seems joyous as an old-time song ;
Where youth and life and beauty all are seen,
She reigns with sylph-like grace the festive queen.

I stand beside her in the grey old fane,
 Where softly falls the "dim religious light,"
 My heart is beating to the organ's strain,
 For she is mine own life-mate from to-night.
 My soul is buoyant, and the coming years
 Have no dark shadowings of toil nor tears.

I stand beside her, 'neath the humble roof,
 Where want has found the children of the poor,
 For human failing finding no reproof,
 Her's but to beat the grim wolf from the door ;
 Giving with love the penny and the oil—
 Knowing the sorrowings of the child of toil.

And I am with her, by the couch of death,
 Where heaven-sent love has bid her virgil keep
 Where tender words, and touch as light as breath,
 Bid pain take flight before the angel sleep.
 And when her tenderness makes suffering seem
 But the vague shadowings of an earthly dream.

I stand beside her, by the open tomb,
 And feel her trembling hand upon mine arm,
 Yet know that she is brave, though sorrows come,
 And fate would daily seem to seek her harm,
 Yet faith, and hope, and courage still are hers—
 No braver heart ere won the golden spurs.

And I am near her, when the snows of age
Are falling thickly on her glossy hair,
I open up the by-gones time-worn page,
To those bright days I stood beside her chair,
And whispered to her words of love and faith,
Vowing a constancy that knew no death.

Shall I be with her when the deep dark tide
Wells up to touch her tender life-worn feet ?
To be to cheer her onward, and to guide
Her footsteps upward, by the gold-paved street ?
To be for ever, and for aye, within the gate,
With my life's love, my long life's loving mate ?





THE MILLER'S WOOIN'.

THE mune is high in the lift the nicht,
An' the breezes sleep on the hill ;
There is naething heard in the lanely glen,
But the click o' the auld glen mill.
The soun' is eerie, my heart is sad,
For my lover is owre the sea,
An' Jamie, the miller, wad hae me wed,
But married I winna be.

For my heart is leal to the lad I lo'e—
My laddie awa on the faem ;
My heart is leal to the lad I lo'e,
An' I'll wed him when he comes hame.

The mune is high in the lift the nicht,
There's no' a breath on the sea ;
A towmond's gane syne my lad set sail,
An' he never has written to me.
Still Jamie, the miller, wull hae me wed,
An' a douse kin o' body is he ;
But I wunna marry, for I maun think
O' my laddie that's owre the sea.

I wad like to be leal to the lad I lo'e—
 My laddie awa on the faem ;
 I wad like to be leal to the lad I lo'e,
 An' wed him when he comes hame.

There's ne'er a blink o' the mune the nicht,
 An' never a soun' is heard,
 But the clipperty clap o' the auld glen mill,
 An' the sraich o' the wild nicht bird.
 But Jamie, the miller, is hard at wark,
 He labours frae morn till e'en,
 An' he's unco rouch wi' the guid red gear,
 An' he ca's me his winsome quean.

I wad fain be leal to the lad I lo'e—
 The laddie awa on the faem,
 But Jamie, the miller, is unco fain
 To wed me an' tak' me hame.

The mune is high in the lift the nicht,
 An' the starnies are in the blue ;
 An' Jamie, the miller, has taen me hame,
 An' preed o' my rosy mou'.
 He says, ' Hoo I lo'e ye, my ain wee wife,
 As dear as the warl' to me,
 An ye ne'er maun pine for the glaiket chiel
 That sailed awa owre the sea.'

It's weel to be leal to the lad ye lo'e,
 When he is awa owre the faem ;
 But it's hard to wait an' be an auld maid,
 Or be deid by the time he comes hame.

NEVER AGAIN.

SHE stood at evening by the cottage gate,
 The scent of woodbine filled the summer air,
 And softly sighed the breezes through the trees ;
 The sunlight fell upon her golden hair
 That like an aureole rested on her brow.

Her cheek like rose-blush on the summer snow,
 Her clear blue eye, so beautiful yet cold ;
 Devoid the light of soul-illumning love,
 Telling the heart was wrapt in icy fold
 Of self—no other deity was there enshrined.

She heard the ring of voices far away,
 Like rippling music come adown the vale ;
 Then fell another sound, but nearer still—
 Was't some one come to breathe the tender tale
 Of lasting love in this fair maiden's ear.

Ah yes ! 'twas some one with a great broad brow,
 A deep grey eye filled with a kindly light,
 A thoughtful soul, a great big generous heart,
 A manly voice, a face all beaming bright,
 An arm to guard and guide in danger's day.

Then love in tender accents told his tale,
 With cheek aglow, and heart so full of truth ;
 But tropic heat soon turned to Arctic cold,
 The ice of age fell o'er the fire of youth,
 When asked to wed, the maiden answered " No."

The sun went down, the red moon held the sky,
 The air was sweeter, and the silv'ry stars
 Danced to the music of the whispering winds ;
 She heard firm footsteps echoing from afar—
 Love had departed ; she was left behind.

.

She stood at twilight at the cottage gate.
 A thrush piped gaily on a bush close by,
 The breeze was light, the great red golden bars,
 Lay heavily athwart the western sky ;
 There were no footsteps breaking silence now.

Her cheek was pale, the heart was beating hard,
Her eye once cold beamed with a fitful light ;
Her soul was now awake 'neath passion's power,
Love's sun had risen over self's cold night,
But Love himself had never come again.

To-night she heard the voices from afar,
As she had heard them when her heart was cold.
She longed to hear again the firm footfall
As she had heard it in those days of old,
When Love had wings to bring him to her side.

The sun went down, the pale moon gleamed o'erhead,
A death-like coldness lit the twinkling stars ;
The dark clouds floated swiftly 'thwart the heavens,
Where once had lain the great red golden bars ;
But though she waited, Love came not again.





A SANG FOR THE BAIRNS.

AULD Willie Winter, cauld Willie Winter,
Comin' wi' your needle nose to jag the bonnie
bairn,

Comin' owre the mountains,
Sealin' up the fountains,
An' bi'din' a' the burnies in your ban's o' icy airn.

Auld Willie Winter, cauld Willie Winter,
Wi' your locks like icicles, ye canna enter here;
Hame is snug an' cosy,
Bairnie's plump and rosy.
Sae gang an' look for lodgin's on the muirlan' dark
an' drear.

Auld Willie Winter, cauld Willie Winter,
Tracin' bonnie pictures on our shinin' window pane,
'Cauld,' we dinna doot ye,
Faith we'll dae withoot ye!
Sae gang your gate my frosty frien', let sinmer come
again.

Auld Willie Winter, cauld Willie Winter,
 Makin' fleecy flakes o' snaw flee birlin' roun' an' roun',
 Makin' feeties krinkle
 Flee up in a twinkle,
 An' sen' folk, ere they ken 'ot, wi' a whirl on their croon.

Auld Willie Winter, cauld Willie Winter,
 Wi' your chilly touch ye hush the bonnie birdies' sang;
 Nae lilt to cheer us,
 Fain come happin' near us,
 An' think your reign, auld icy king, fu' dreary, cauld,
 an' lang.

Auld Willie Winter, cauld Willie Winter,
 Comin' wi' your needle nose to jag the bonnie bairn,
 Comin' owre the mountains,
 Sealin' up the fountains,
 An' bi'din' a' the burnies in your ban's o' icy airn.





BILL SYKES.

PROLOGUE.

It was summer in the country,
And the fields were fresh and green,
And the sun cast o'er the landscape
Cheering rays of golden sheen ;
While the woodland glades re-echoed
With the merry feathered throng
Piping forth the thrilling music
Of their summer matin song ;
And it fell upon the spirit
In the sunny summer calm,
Like the voices of the angels
When they chant their morning psalm.
In a lane just off the highway,
Down in Devon, fresh and fair,
Stood a low-roofed, brick-built cottage,
Where the balmy morning air
Stole through the broken lattice,
Giving life to those within,
Giving life, alas ! and suff'ring
To that woman pale and thin,

Lying, breathing quick and heavy,
 On a low-set truckle bed.
 She was weary with the fighting,
 And she wished that she were dead.
 Crouching o'er some smouldering embers,
 Sat a boy of tender years,
 And his eyes were red and swollen
 With the burning flood of tears,
 Then he came towards the bedside
 And he whispered, " Mother, dear !
 Shall I go and get a bunny,
 They won't cotch me, never fear.
 There is nothing in the cupboard,
 And you're weak for want of bread,
 If you don't get something mother,
 Why ! you'll werry soon be dead."
 But the mother feebly whispered,
 " Father sees us from the sky,
 Let's be honest, Willie, darling,
 Let's be honest though we die."
 Then she fell into a slumber,
 And he softly stole away
 Down the lane and through the meadow,
 'Mong the sweetly-scented hay.

.
 There's a big fat bunny sitting
 Nibbling clover at his ease,

And a pale-faced boy is crouching
 'Neath the shadow of the trees,
 Whish—a thud—o'er rolls the bunny,
 Now as dead as any stone.
 And the lad is down upon it,
 In a moment he is gone,
 But the keeper's hand is on him
 Ere he gains the cottage door.
 “Now, then, young un! you've been poachin’?
 You've been at the game before!”
 “No, I haint, sir, but my mother
 Is nigh dead for want of food,
 So I took this little bunny
 'Cause I thought 'twould do her good.”

.

Sits the parson as a justice—
 And the evidence is led
 'Gainst the boy who killed a rabbit
 That his mother might be fed.
 That mother who was writhing
 In the iron grip of pain;
 That mother whose sweet council
 He would never hear again.
 And the pale-faced parson whimpered
 Of the soul-appalling sin—
 Of the slaughtering of bunnies
 With the catapult and gin.

But he heeded not the pleading,
 Nor the deep heart-rending wail
 Of the wretched little poacher
 Whom he sent a month to jail.

.
 A grassy mound in the churchyard—
 And a boy is kneeling there.
 His eyes are red with weeping—
 In his face is dark despair—
 And he's shouting in his frenzy,
 "Mighty God! could aught be worse?
 It was them up there as did it,
 They shall have my life-long curse."
 Now the shades of night are falling
 O'er the landscape green and fair,
 And he goes into the darkness—
 Where? ay tell me, reader, where?

AFTER 40 YEARS.

"I aint werry much of a scholard,
 Cos I never was much to school;
 But the knowing uns down in the 'Dials'
 Know Bill Sykes was never a fool.
 They knows as I aint to be coddled,
 Or frightened by aught as they says;
 Though the gals try to pile on the gammy,
 And tell me I've such winning ways—

But sometimes they ruffles my choler.
 Do yer see them there strong iron nibs ?
 Well ! I quietly raises my kickers
 And pitches 'em into their ribs.
 Why, lor, but they make such an 'oller !
 As hif they were murdered outright ;
 But I just slides away to the ' Hangel,'
 And comes back so jolly well tight.
 I aint very much of a preacher—
 Nor been to the 'Varsity schools—
 But I knows that them black-coated parsons
 Are—well—I won't say they are fools,
 But I knows 'ow they raves in the churches,
 And 'owl about sorrer and sin,
 'Bout the 'orrible dens in the ' Dials,'
 And the drinking of ' four 'aff' and gin.
 They turns up the white of their goggles
 When they speaks of the 'orrible filth
 That's spreading, until it bedraggles
 The broad golden fringes of wealth.
 But what is the cause of the rumpus
 That's echoing hover the land—
 'Ave the nobs got to taking the shakers
 At the thought of the dark shadder 'and—
 That looms in the murky 'orizon,
 And casts round a hominous gloom—
 With the fingers of death and starvation
 A-pointing 'em on to the tomb ?

Does their 'arts beat so 'ard for the houtcast
 Of a wealthy and virtuous crowd ?
 Was the stern ringing warnin' of dooty
 More 'n usual unceasing and loud ?
 'Ave they lost all their thoughts of the 'eathen
 As dines on parental ' Menu ?'
 As they tries to conwert with the Bible,
 And ' short nips ' of cheap mountain dew.
 No, they still keep a chucking their rhino
 Haway to some barbarous shore,
 While thousands on thousands are starving
 Right there at the step of their door.
 They 'eard of it first in the papers
 As 'presents the philanthrophist voos,
 Where a hitem was found hunassooming
 In the midst of the ' General Noos.'
 It graphica'ly told 'ow the big uns
 'Ad thought of the struggling poor.
 That they'd thought of the 'orrible hovels
 As shelter the rough and the boor ;
 But gammy ! it von't do for Villiam,
 He aint such a noodling fool,
 He aint such a blooming lunatic,
 A'though he haint been much to school.
 They did it to coddle us into
 The notion as 'ow they were gods,
 As were going to better society
 Hagainst hindescribable hodd.

Then it got on the tongues of the hupper
 Ten thousand, a-rolling in wealth,
 They had nothing to do, so they chatted
 As hif it were good for their 'ealth.
 Then it floated from one to hanother,
 In this most henlightened age,
 Till the fad of the slums and the ruffian
 Became at a jump all the rage;
 And just as the snowball they tork of,
 As rolled from the top of the 'ill,
 Hit gathered and gathered himportance,
 Till I finds I'm a lionized Bill.
 It is grub for the drum at the West End,
 'Tis pabulum fit for the Clubs,
 It is topic A1 at the Social,
 And the theme of the Whitechapel pubs.
 But the cork of the lot was the wisit
 Of Halbert of Wales to the kens;
 'Ow he turned hup his nose at the hodour
 As came from those death-breathing dens.
 But I thinks to myself when I seed him,
 Is it pity that's bringing yer 'ere?
 Or a vague hindescribable feeling
 Of something relating to fear?
 Bill Sykes has a wink of the puppose
 As brings them blokes smelling around;
 It aint that their Brummagem Caucus,
 But something a-nearer the Crown,

That's making them Wigs come a-prying
 In 'otbeds of wice and of sin ;
 They don't bring a hunch of toak with 'em,
 Nor even a quarten of gin.
 The perlitical houtlook aint cheering,
 For the top of the Social Scale ;
 There's a murky cloud on the 'orizon
 Portending a terrible gale.
 They feels the wolcano a-shaking
 Macadam right under their feet,
 And they 'ears the dull, rumbling heechoes
 O'er the thundering roar of the street.
 I can laugh at the fears of the big uns,
 As the hominous hechoing wail
 Comes up from the slums of the cities,
 To make 'em both pious and pale.
 But 'as not this wail been a-coming
 A-rolling along through the years,
 Like the sighs of the mightiest hocean,
 Or the shower of a nation's tears ?
 It 'as come like the woice of a demon,
 That 'as slumbered for ages past ;
 It 'as come through the darkness like thunder,
 To the hears of a nation at last.
 The big uns they fear and they blame us,
 And sometimes they blame us aright ;
 For of course we hattends to our calling,
 As is ollus best done in the night.

Sometimes they will wake up and 'oller,
 When we gathers their jewels and plate;
 But we just wops their 'eads with a jemmy,
 Or knife 'em to smother their prate.
 And sometimes a peeler comes stepping
 Across us, when plying hour art;
 But then we goes springing the barker,
 And sends a bit lead through his 'cart.
 They knows as we must 'ave a living,
 And we aint just particular 'ow,
 Cos they brands us as blood-thirsty felons,
 With Cain's patent stamp on our brow.
 But what is the life of a peeler,
 When we gets our swag safe in the shop;
 We don't care a Brummagem tanner
 For the wind of a hover-fed slop.
 We are rorty pals down at the 'Hangel,'
 Where we does our dognose and cigars;
 And we hogles and leers at the donners,
 As serves out the grog at the 'bars.'
 Then the 'tec's they comes tumbling upon us,
 And we're hoff for a round dozen stretch
 Down at Dartmoor, but then we are jolly—
 It's better than meeting Jack Ketch.
 We are case-hardened devils at Dartmoor,
 But we gammys and makes 'em believe,
 And we turns hup our eyes and plays goody,
 Till we falls on a ticket-of-leave.

Hof course we don't go to be better,
 O no! We just goes to be wuss,
 We've tasted the gall of the fetters,
 We just grind our teeth, and we cuss.
 The 'and of the lawr is agin us,
 And we knows 'ow it's stronger than hours;
 But we'll fight like bull-dogs till the finish
 Agin such o'erwhelming powers.
 We'll stick our sharp fangs in the big uns,
 And make 'em all 'oller haloud;
 Hif we dance to the toon we can't whistle
 Before a hadmiring crowd;
 Or, they rattles us hoff to the trenches,
 When we makes up our minds to peg out;
 When no one shall vipe off a tear pals,
 Or set hup a sorrerful shout.
 There's a grave as I knows in the churchyard,
 Haway down in Devon, so fair;
 And the feeling comes over me sometimes
 As I'd like to be buried down there.
 A dull pain comes into my heart, pals,
 When I thinks of them faraway years;
 Hof the bright sunny days hin the country,
 And my goggles they fills up with tears.
 But I bitterly cusses the big uns
 As made me just what I am now,
 With my right 'and a-lifted agin 'em,
 And HOUTCAST a-stamped on my brow."

Shall the wail of the suffering outcast
 Be floating away on the breeze,
 Unheard by the pious and wealthy,
 Who live in luxurious ease?
 Shall the great human sea still be rolling
 Its waves of starvation and crime
 Down the streets of the mightiest cities,
 Throughout all the cycles of time?

CUDDLE DOON.

O ! CUDDLE doon, my bonnie bairn,
 The nicht's mirk shadows fa',
 And mither's heart is unco wae
 Syne daddie gaed awa'.
 The win' soughs eerie doon the lum,
 The waves are roarin' high,
 An' loupin' up as if their spray
 Wad kiss the starless sky.

Sae cuddle doon, my bonnie bairn—
 O yes! I'll pree your mou',
 An' smooth the shinin' gowden pow
 O' daddie's bonnie doo.

O! cuddle doon, my bonnie bairn,
 The tear dims mither's e'e,
 The petrel's cry comes loud abune
 The roarin' o' the sea.
 The lichtnin' dairts athwart the lift
 Like leven bolts o' death,
 And mither prays that *Faither* may
 Keep daddie free frae skaith.

Sae cuddle doon, my bonnie bairn—
 O yes! I'll pree your mou',
 An' smooth the shinin' gowden pow
 O' daddie's bonnie doo.

O! cuddle doon, my bonnie bairn,
 Puir mither's heart is sair,
 For daddie's lyin' ben the hoose
 Wi' seaweed in his hair.
 An' O! his lips are blae and cauld,
 And dim his slae-black e'e,
 That never mair will burn wi' love
 For his wee bairn and me.

Sae cuddle doon, my bonnie bairn—
 Nae mair he'll kiss ye noo,
 Nor smooth the shinin' gowden pow
 O' his wee guileless doo.



WAT YE WHA CAM' HERE YESTREEN ?

WAT ye wha cam' here yestreen,
Frac ower ayont the winnock hill ?
'Twas cherry-lippit, rosy-checkit,
Watty Simpson o' the mill.
Though winter win's may blaw fu' snell,
An' mountain taps be wreathed in snaw,
An' threatnin' look the lowerin' lift,
He aye will come in spite o' a'.

His form is tall, his heart is kind,
An' love lauchs in his sparklin' e'e ;
His voice rings oot sac clear an' sweet,
'Tis like the laverock's note to me,
An' trow the laddie isna blate,
For aft he seeks to pree my mou' ;
He swears by the decrees o' fate,
His heart will aye be leal an' true.

He tells his tale o' purest love,
An' hoo the laggard moments flee
When he's awa, but O ! hoo fleet
They seem when he is here wi' me.

He says we'll wed when birdies mate,
 Sae amorously in openin' spring;
 An' hope that ilka changing year
 Nae change to oor fond hearts may bring.

JOCK'S APPLE TREE.

A TALE.

A SONSIE chiel, wha's name was Jock,
 Lived at oor auld toon en',
 The house his ain, a canny bield,
 Wi' cosy but-an'-ben.

Behin' the house a guid kailyaird,
 Prolific as could be,
 An' in the centre o't there grew
 A fine big apple tree.

Jock at the door aft kept a staun',
 Wi' routh o' auld nick-nacks,
 He'd furnish ye wi' ocht ye liked,
 Frae swords to roosty tacks.

He at the en' o't had a tray
 O' fruit wi' Eden's bloom;
 The look ot' wad hae sin'd a saunt,
 Made teeth wi' water soom.

The tree Jock prized 's his very e'e,
 An' watched it as it grew ;
 But wha could keep its precious fruit
 Frae Katy's thieving crew ?

To gaird the tree Jock kept a gun,
 Whilk hadna mony scorner,
 When even Jen, his sonsie spouse,
 Alleged it shot roon' corners.

Some waggish snips frae Katy's board,
 Ance bent upon a spree,
 Determined they wad hae a feed
 Frae aff Jock's apple tree.

Their plans were laid, wi' eident thocht
 Just wanted workin' oot !
 Wi' sic a hairum-scairum set,
 They'd get weel wrocht nae doot.

They stuffed a suit o' worn-oot claes
 Wi' shavin's, rags, an' strae,
 And when the task was ended, they
 Agreed that it wad dae.

Ae nicht when folk had gaen to rest,
 An' a' was calm and still,
 When silence reigned on land an' sea,
 Jock sat up drinkin' yill.

Fu' cosy in the ingle neuk,
 Wi' Jen at tither side,
 A sonsier pair ye wadna seen
 In a' the hale warl' wide.

Jock cracked o' hen's, an' cocks, an' doos,
 An' mony a poachin' splore;
 He crack'd o' plans he'd ta'en to raise
 The win' in days o' yore.

He cracked o' pranks play'd on his sel',
 An' leuch till 's fat sides shook;
 O' wags wha, when he'd set a line,
 Put red herrin' on his heuk.

'Bout days when Leddy Wully cam'
 To buy some tum'ler doos,
 An' ay Jock leuch while his yill he sipp'd,
 An' thoecht o' his canny roose.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, "Wull little thoecht
 My bargain a' was gain;
 Instead o' sellin' doos o' mine,
 I sell't the chiel' his ain."

Quo' Jen, "Oh, Jock, I wadna thoecht
 Sae deep in sin ye 'd sunk,
 To steep wheat pickles in o' rum,
 An' fill the puir doos drunk."

“ Hoot, toot, Jen, lass, ye dinna ken
 What folk at times maun dae
 To keep the kettle boilin', lass,
 An' heads aboon the bree.

Folk whiles maun try some nickery trick
 To keep abune the groun' ;
 Sae there—ye tak' the caunel ben,
 An' I'll bring ben the gun.”

Jock lock'd the door, they gaed to bed,
 An' sune were fast asleep ;
 Jock's deep-drawn souch an' Jen's loud snore
 Tauld weel o' slumbers deep.

The mune peeped oot frae 'hint a cloud,
 On Katy's snips at work
 As quate as mice—they moved aboot
 As cunnin' like as Turks.

They quately crept through 'neath the hedge,
 An' through amang the greens ;
 They step't wi' footstep ay as licht
 As they'd been fairy queans.

Twa o' the lithest o' the set
 Clam' up the apple tree,
 An' nimbly fixed a silent form
 Up on a branch sae hie.

The form seemed clingin' to the tree,
 As if for life an' death ;
 For, faith, a fa' frae sic a hicht
 Wad aiblins stop'd ane's breath.

A cord nae thicker than a thread
 Led owre ayont the hedge,
 The train was ready for the lowe—
 A weel-laid train ye pledge.

Ane o' the snips, wi' sonorous voice,
 Yell'd oot wi' a' his micht,
 " My coat-tails' cleekit on a branch ;
 Oh, Lor', I'm deid the nicht !"

Ere ye could twice hae cracked your thouns,
 Up Jock's laigh windy flew,
 An', yellin' oot, he rip'd an' swore
 He'd catched the plun'erin' crew.

" Hey, you up there, deil burst your bags ;
 Come done, I say, come doon,
 Or, by the banes o' Mungie's cat,
 I'll shoot ye dead, ye loon."

Nae voice respondin' to his threat,
 Whilk made Jock doubly worse,
 Sae wi' a lang saul-sinkin' aith
 An' brimston'-breathin' curse,

Drew on his breeks an' seized his gun,
 Gaed oot into the yaird,
 An' vow'd within a week the thief
 Wad sleep aneath the swaird.

" I'll gie anither chance, come doon,
 Afore I cock my gun ;
 Then by oor auld soo's Sunday clogs,
 I'll bring ye to the grun'."

Nae answer cam', what flesh an' bluid
 Could staun't ? high bleezed Jock's ire ;
 Wi' shakin' airm he raised the gun,
 An', sure eneuch let fire.

The form cam' tum'lin' frae the tree
 Withoot a cry or groan,
 An' quick Jock flew into the hoose
 Wi' sigh an' waefu' moan.

" Oh, Jen, oh, Jen !" he loudly wail'd ;
 " Oh, Jen, lass, haud ma head !
 That theivin' scoun'rel up the tree,
 Oh, lass, I've shot him dead.

Oh, wae's the day ye met me, Jen !
 For gane's oor peace an' joy,
 For this nicht's wark they'll hang me, Jen,
 As high as Gilderoy."

“ But, Jock,” quo’ Jen, “ he’ll maybe live
 He’ll no’ be killed ootricht;
 But faith he’d hae but little chance
 To come frae sic a hicht.

I’ll gang an’ see if he be deid,
 We’ll aiblin’s bring him roon’,
 If he’d but live I’d pairt wi’ a’
 The apples in the toon.”

Sae cannily she slippit oot
 To whaur the still form lay,
 An’ there it was where it had fa’en,
 As still an’ cauld as clay.

But sune she saw the heap o’ rags
 Was deil a man ava;
 An’ wi’ a lang side-splittin’ sraigh,
 Turned roon’ and fled awa’.

“ Deil tak’e ye, Jock, for sic a cuif,
 To mak’ sae much adae;
 Ye silly sumph, it’s naethin’ but
 A dummy stuffed wi’ strae.”

Sae Jock an’ Jen got owre their fricht,
 An’ syne gaed aff to bed;
 O’ a’ that happened them that nicht,
 A word they never said.



THE SOLACE OF THE FLOWER.

JUST there, by the studio window,
In the grey of the gathering night,
When the sun went down o'er the mountain
To the death of the great 'north light,'
A picture stood on an easel,
And on it the sunlight played
Like the rosy lips of Aurora,
Kissing its light and shade.
A palette lay by the easel,
But the colours were hard and dry,
And an artist sat by the window
With languid and sunken eye.
The artist sat by his easel,
By the picture he loved so well,
And he heavily sighed as he listened
To the notes of the curfew bell
That came up the rippling river
With a sweetness he loved to hear,
Wafted along up the valley
Like a voice from another sphere.
It came to his heart sorrow-laden
With the greatest woe of a life,

So wondrous sweet, that he thought it
 Like the voice of his dear, dead wife.
 Then he turned him round to his organ,
 And anon its deep notes swell
 To sweetly blend with the echoes
 Of the distant curfew bell.
 And his fingers wandered slowly
 O'er the gleaming and pliant keys,
 While another voice joined the anthem
 As soft as the whispering breeze—
 'Twas the voice of a gentle floweret
 That bloomed by the river side,
 That came to whisper, " You loved me
 As the bridegroom loved his bride ;
 ' And now in your hour of sorrow,
 When the shadow is on your heart,
 I will cheer you because you loved her
 Who has taken the better part ;
 ' I will brighten the grave in the churchyard
 Where the river with angry voice
 Would drown the sweet bird-music
 That would make your soul rejoice ;
 ' I will bloom by the dusty roadside,
 I will bloom by the river's brim,
 And cheer with the leme of my beauty
 The gloomy pathway of him
 ' Who comes to me in the twilight,
 Who has loved me so long and well."

And the voice of the gentle floweret
Was drowned in the organ's swell,
As it whispered in dulcet breathings,
Or rolled out in sonorous tones,
Like the voice of the distant thunder
That echoes around the zones,
And told of the glorious anthems
That ring down the heavenly plain—
That the loss of the sad and bereaved one
Was his loved one's eternal gain.
It lifted his heart from his sorrow.
And wafted his thoughts far away
To the land that knows not the shadow
Nor the pain of an earthly day.
He had still his art and his music,
His flowers, and his fair sweet child,
To cheer him on through the future
That seemed to him barren and wild.
He leaned his head on the organ
And wept till the break of day ;
His heart's floodgates were opened,
And the shadows were fleeing away.





THE SAIR HEART.

O ! WILLIE, may ye never ken
The sair, sair heart ye've gi'en to me,
Syne last we met, at gloamin' grey,
Aneath the bonnie trysting tree.
Ye said your heart was a' my ain—
Ye said your love wad never dee;
But noo I'm left my leefu' lane
To break my heart for love o' thee.

I lo'ed ye as the honey bee
In simmer lo'es the openin' flower,
Or as the lavrock lo'es the lift,
When Phoebus glints the hills out owre.
I watched ye comin' i' the e'en
Wi' beatin' heart an' love-lit e'e;
But, O ! sweetheart, I ne'er could think
Sae fause an' fickle ye could be.

The mavis sings his e'enin' sang,
The lintie lilt fu' cheerily;
To me a' things seem dree an' lang,
The hours drag on sae wearily.

But when the winter win's blaw snell,
 An' snaw shall deck the leafless bough,
 This head will be aneath the yird,
 An' still the heart that's achin' noo.

JASON DREW.

A TALE FOR THE BOYS.

AFTERNOON, and school is over,
 Like an avalanche comes on
 One vast crowd of noisy boyhood,
 From a school beside the Don,
 And a bright-faced lad is leading
 That boisterous shouting crew,
 'Tis the hero of the village—
 Brave, kind-hearted Jason Drew.
 See his blue eyes how they sparkle,
 How his bright locks kiss the breeze,
 As the crowd with noisy laughter,
 Nears a clump of chestnut trees.
 "There's a nest up in the cleft there,"
 Shouts a lad of brawny mould,
 "And what's more, I mean to have it,
 For the eggs are good as gold."

"Not while I'm by," cried Jason,
 "You shan't gain that old tree limb,
 I take care of that there nest, Bill,
 Let us go and have a swim.
 Don't you think the poor bird mother's
 Got a heart as well as thine?
 Let your pluck be good, Bill Stadders,
 Bird-nest robbers never shine."
 "But I shall!" the other stuttered,
 In the frenzy of his wrath,
 "And I'll fight you for it, Jason,
 If you come along the path
 Leading through the sorrel meadow;
 You've been bully long enough,
 But I mean now to be master,
 And you'll find I'm growing tough."
 "No, I shan't," said Jason, slowly,
 As his sharp eye quickly fell
 On the parson's only daughter
 Pass the stile beside the well.
 Fair and fragile as a lily,
 With a cheek-tint like the rose;
 While her hair like streaks of sunlight
 O'er her shapely shoulders flows.
 She had heard the voice of Stadders
 Ringing out in laughter loud.
 "Ho, ho, ho! our plucky Jason's
 Going to lick the blooming crowd,

I'll be blowed but this great hero's
 Gone and turned a spooney cuss,
 And there ain't a greater coward
 Than the fool that made the fuss
 'Bout the bird nest in the cleft there—
 Ho, ho, ho ! boys, ho, ho, ho !
 Ain't it such a jolly lark, boys ?
 Ain't it such a stunning go ?"
 " Fie ! you would not rob a bird nest,
 Bill ?" the youthful maiden said,
 As on big Bill Stadders' shoulder
 Her soft hand she gently laid.
 " I's just going to please myself, miss,"
 Was the clodpole's rude reply ;
 You are making Jason tender,
 So you'd best be passing by.
 I've got to thrash that bully,
 Get that nest up in the tree."
 " No, no, no ! Bill," cried the maiden,
 " You go on ! who cares for thee ?"
 Onward passed the parson's daughter,
 And she cast, in passing by ;
 A sweet, kindly look on Jason,
 That lit up our hero's eye
 With a light that boded evil
 To the bully standing there.
 Then he took a proud look round him,
 And he tossed his cap in air—

" You've got mighty big, Bill Stadders,
 And you won't be guided well,
 And you've been an ill-bred bog-sod
 To our parson's daughter Belle.
 So you want to rob bird-nests, lad,
 And to fight your dearest friends,
 Who may feel a little hurt just ;
 But of course they'll get amends.
 You ain't going to rob that nest, Bill.
 If you're really bent on fight
 Come to me down in the meadow
 When the curfew rings to-night.
 If you'd rather have it now, lad,
 All right, marrow, let's begin !
 And I tell you what, Bill Stadders,
 I ain't going to spare your skin."

Bully's down, and Jason's standing
 Like a victor on the plain,
 With fists clenched firmly, crying,
 " Come ! Bill Stadders, come again."
 Bill has gone again to grassing,
 And his lips are big and blue,
 And he feels he has his master
 In the plucky Jason Drew.
 Down he goes again, and whimpers
 As he struggles to his feet,

Then he bolts right through the pasture,
 Rushes down the village street,
 Leaving Jason standing smiling,
 Scathless on the battlefield,
 Who felt just like a Briton,
 Who could fight and never yield.

School is over, down the hillside
 Comes the noisy laughing crowd ;
 In the van is bright-eyed Jason,
 Laughing merrily and loud.
 They are heading for the river,
 With the flower-bespangled brim,
 They are heading for the river,
 In the pool to have a swim.
 They are in, but joyous laughter
 Now no longer rends the air—
 "He is drowning ! Bill is drowning !"
 Comes the cry of wild despair.
 "Where is Bill ?" asks Jason calmly,
 As he stands upon the brink ;
 "He is down the 'Black Rock gullet,'
 Jimmy Rayson saw him sink."
 'Twas enough, into the waters,
 Dark and deep as mouth of hell,
 Went the young intrepid Jason
 Like a diver in his bell.

Breathless stand his young schoolfellows
 By the river's bank and bed,
 Till they see the face of Stadders,
 Like a face come from the dead.
 As it lies on Jason's shoulder,
 While he strikes out for the shore,
 And then the woods re-echo
 With a long applauding roar,
 Then a cheer so loud and hearty
 From that noisy stirring crew,
 "Three cheers for plucky Jason, boys,
 For plucky Jason Drew."

.

Soft fall the shades of a summer night,
 O'er the churchyard down in the vale,
 And the leaves of the ivy are gently stirred
 By the breath of the summer gale.
 The sunlight falls on the buttressed towers
 And the silvery lichen gleams,
 And the chancel windows are red with gold,
 Like the gold of our childhood dreams.
 The soft breeze sighs through the linden boughs,
 That hang o'er the old church wall.
 And the voice of the nightbird is heard afar,
 With his wierd-like echoing call.
 The shadows are long drawn over the grass,
 For the sun is nearing the rim,

And the note of the throstle is faintly heard
 As he pipes out his evening hymn.
 A form is standing beside a grave—
 A grave by the old church door,
 Where the yew and the willow are twining their
 boughs

By the hawthorn tree heavy with hoar.
 'Tis the form of a sailor lad, stately and tall,
 With a bare breast, brown as the tawn,
 With a brave broad brow and a bright blue eye,
 True signs of the soul of a man.
 The big heart throbs, and the brown breast heaves,
 It heaves like the ocean's swell,
 And a tear-drop falls on the well-kept grave
 Of the parson's daughter Belle.
 The sailor kneels by the marble cross,
 And culls from the flower-clad grave
 A tender gem, to be next his heart
 When far away on the wave.
 The shadows fall, and the veil of night
 Is drawn o'er the sleeping earth,
 And the sailor leaves the old churchyard,
 So near the place of his birth.
 He leaves the graves by that old grey church,
 Of hearts that he loved so well,
 There's the grave of his father, his mother's grave,
 And of parson's sweet daughter, Belle.

Hurrah ! for the brave old *Temeraire*,
 That leads the battle way,
 And carries Britain's hearts of oak,
 No hearts more brave than they.
 See how she bravely bears the brunt,
 The *Victory* follows on,
 And victory shines on Britain's flag
 That waves in every zone.
 Hark ! hark ! hurrah ! the battle cry
 That flaunts the *Victory's* truck,
 Is taken up from ship to ship—
 Who doubts old Britain's pluck ?
 Of course they will, they always do
 Their duty prompt and well,
 They fear not death, nor foreign foe,
 Nor deadly shot nor shell.
 The battle rages loud and long,
 Death pales the victor's brow,
 And tear-drops steal down many a cheek,
 The hero's lifeless now.
 A legless trunk is lying near,
 One of the dauntless crew,
 That is the face and these the eyes
 Of plucky Jason Drew.

.
 Ah ! no, sir, he wasn't so sober,
 An' straight as I daresay we'd like ;

He'd get on the go when he'd rhino,
 Then he'd cut up as fierce as a pike.
 Who is he ? Well, ain't that a good un !
 I thought he were known through an' through ;
 Why, sir, he was trump of the city,
 An' his pals nicked him down Jason Drew.

He was rough, but he allus was kindly,
 A better soul ne'er knew the ken ;
 He were lushy, but that speaks to many,
 An' he only got tight now and then.
 Does I think there was any good in him ?
 Ay, lots ont, now, sir, you be sure ;
 For there ain't a big wig in the city,
 As ever did things half as pure.

You'd never a-heard him a swear, sir,
 An' I'm sure that he never would lie,
 He never would try a mean trick, sir,
 Not even if he'd had to die.
 I minds Nelly Brase down the lane there,
 A sickly bit gal in her teens,
 As he fed a whole year on the best on't
 An' lived himself mainly on greens.

He bought her her beef, and her tonic,
 An' spent lots o' money on clo'es,
 An' he put a nice funeral on her
 When she went to her churchyard repose.

Self-denial ? You bet your last tanner
 'S a thing as is known but to few,
 But he had it, sir, in right earnest,
 For an 'ero was old Jason Drew.

There wasn't a kid in the lane, sir,
 But 'd served him by day and by night,
 An' they all looked as if they'd been flogged, sir
 When Jason got jolly well tight.
 What was he ? Why, he was a sailor,
 An' fought in the *Victory* they say,
 An' he lost both his legs bravely fighting—
 Trafalgar ? Ay, yes, that's the Bay.

Why wasn't he down there at Greenwich ?
 He were just rather lushy for that.
 An' he couldn't well do with confinement—
 You know, sir, it makes folks so fat.
 But now with his good and his bad, sir,
 He's gone where the good nigger goes.
 But stay ! here's a thing I found on him
 When we were a-stripping his clo'es.

A what ? just an old withered rose leaf,
 Where he got it I really can't tell,
 An' you say there is wrote on the paper
 A name sunmat like Isabel.



BESIDE THE SEA.

I LOVE to sit beside the sounding sea,
To watch its wavelets kiss the pebbly strand,
To see it in its azure beauty gleam,
Or softly steal along the golden sand,
Its sighing falls like music on mine ear;
Or murmur of its waves within the shell
Comes to my soul like voices far away,
Or distant cadence of the vesper bell.
'Tis like the ripple of the youthful hour
When all is smiles; but only passing tears
When life, as yet, knows not a sterner time,
And all is faith and hope devoid of fears.

I love to sit beside the sounding sea
When white sails gleam away against the rim,
Like sea-birds sweeping o'er the leaping wave,
That, as I gaze, grow dimmer and more dim.
It tells me first of manhood's busy hour,
And bids me brace my sinews for the strife;
And then again that years are like the sails
That pass away beyond the sea of life.
Then strength comes to me as I sit and gaze,
Though shadows fall as silent as the years,

And though I hear the murmur of the storm,
 My soul is strong, my heart can know no fears.

I love the sea, its bosom all aglow
 With golden touches of the sinking sun,
 And dun clouds mirrored on its placid breast,
 All fringed with purple gold when day is done.
 The gentle breathing of the southern wind
 Fans into ripple every glassy bay ;
 Then dies with something of the swan's plaint song,
 As fitting requiem of the dying day.

Then breaks the storm-cloud, and the lightning's gleam,
 The great waves leap as if defying heaven ;
 The ships are shattered, and the shore is strewn
 With spars, all broken, and the white sails riven.

But all is peaceful when the morning sun,
 With rosy fingers, once more tips the sea ;
 And heaven is smiling as no storm had been,
 Serene as its own immortality.
 When life has seen its dawning and its eve,
 And all the weary buffetings are o'er,
 I fain would sit beside the sounding sea
 And watch the wavelets steal along the shore,
 And think their whispering like the old time song
 They sang so sweetly in the long ago,

And their soft murmur like the voice of youth,
That now I feel my life can never know.

Life's shadows deepen, and I hear the song
That yet shall cheer me o'er the sighing sea—
That yet shall guide me to the better life,
And greet me in my immortality.

LONG AGO.

I AM sitting in the gloaming
By the firelight's ruddy glow,
And my soul is reaching backward
To the far off long ago,
When a little child I wandered,
Culling flow'rets by the stream—
Ah! methinks I hear it singing,
See its ambient wavelets gleam—
When the quiv'ring-throated songsters
Piped their summer roundelay,
Sweetly chording with the ditties
Of the maidens gathering ' May ;'
With the golden rays of sunlight
Kissing every herb and flower,
How transient, yet how joyous,
Was my childhood's guileless hour.

In the after years I wandered
 By the streamlet once again,
 With a heart unknown to sorrow,
 Or a shadowing of pain ;
 For she I loved was with me,
 And her heart was all my own—
 Still her image is exalted
 On my memory's sacred throne.
 O ! my darling, how I loved you
 In the weary after years,
 And thy sweet face often cheered me
 In my toiling and my tears ;
 And methinks I hear you whisper,
 In your accents sweet and low,
 ' Will you always love the maiden
 With the heart of long ago ?'

I wandered by the streamlet
 When the finger touch of care
 Had deeply lined my forehead,
 Mixed with snow my raven hair ;
 And I heard the brooklet singing
 Sweetly as in days of yore,
 But methought the song-birds chorused
 Nevermore ! no, nevermore !
 Then I turned toward the churchyard,
 Half-way up the green hillside,

Where, beneath the tall towers shadow,
Sleeps my lone heart's peerless bride ;
And I heard the organ pealing
Down the dimly-lighted aisle,
And it raised my soul to heaven
To be with her for a while.
There I saw her robed in beauty
'Mid the seraphim of light,
Where the Great One had dominion
O'er the shadows of the night ;
She kissed me on the forehead
With her lips as pure as snow,
And she said, ' Your heart is faithful
To your love of long ago.'
My spirit shall be with you
Through the gathering mists of years ;
I shall cast aside the shadows,
Wipe away the bitter tears,
Bringing rays of golden sunshine
That your heart alone can know,
Till our souls shall feel the gladness
Of the far off long ago.'





THE WIDOW OF KILLYLILOE.

SWEET Widow M'Ginty had just turned twenty,
And troth but her eyes were as black as the sloe,
The light of her smile all the boys could beguile
That came near the widow of Killyliloe.

She was fresh in her teens when a dirty spalpeen
Wid gould in his fist, came a-courting her there ;
But the years he had passed tould a tale at the last,
And now he is sleeping in County Kildare.

He was three score and ten, and the ugliest of men,
Wid the crown of his head just as bare as the floor,
But he had the lucre, 'twas that, sure, that took her
To be his sweet widow, wid taties galore.

Poor Barney M'Carney, wid oceans of blarney,
Had sworn by St. Patrick to die for her sake ;
So took to the whisky and lived rather frisky,
That never a drop, sure, was left for the wake.

He twirled his shillelagh and footed it gaily,
 And threw down the tail of his coat for a tread ;
 Inviting the boys to be sipping their joys,
 For he was the gossoon that wished to be dead.


Now Micky Delaney and Timothy Faney
 Had both been for years 'neath the gay widow's spell,
 And knowing that Barney, so good wid his blarney,
 Though sighing and dying would live and be well.

For sure, now, M'Ginty had left Norah plenty
 To stock a good cabin from ceiling to floor ;
 And Barney was calling, when evening was falling,
 On Mrs M'Ginty, sweet Norah asthore.

So wid the stars peeping these boys watch were keeping
 To frighten young Barney to death, do yez see ?
 And Barney unconscious of ill for the nonce was
 So gaily a-whistling " Sweet Widow Machree,"

When up from the bog, wid a bark like a dog,
 Came Mick wid a face like his father's old clock ;
 And Timothy rowting, like donkey a-shouting
 His orisons, after the crow of the cock.

Barney's whin split the air, and that whin split the hair
 That grew in red glory 'neath Micky's caubeen ;
 While Timothy trod, like the breezes, the road
 That lay through the bog to the town of Killeen.



Now Barney M'Carney, wid power of his blarney,
 Has won the sweet Norah he died for, och O!
 So wid gosseons and pigs, lots of whisky and jigs,
 He's at home wid the widow of Killyliloe.

‘MORS ALTER EST VITA.’

THE heart is gladdened with the linnet's song.
 The bright flowers scent the balmy summer air.
 And the low monotone of honey-laden bees
 Makes life sweet as the burden which they bear.

'Tis like the summer noon, serene and calm,
 Pregnant with hope and faith, with strength
 and light ;
 Nor dream we of the shadows creeping o'er,
 To deepen into sombre shades of night.

The future holds within its misty veil
 An unknown treasure dear to youthful hearts ;
 Hope lights ambition on its upward way,
 And strengthens man to play his many parts.

Faith comes, dispelling shadowings of fear,
 Robing the soul in purity of snow,
 Guiding us ever on the dim-lit path
 That lies across the *River's* silent flow.

Strength girds us like habergeon of steel,
 Nerving our sinews for the coming fray,
 Making us long to set upon our brow
 The warrior's meed, the victor's wreathéd bay.

Light comes with truth to make our pathway sure
 Across the Stygian floods dark lapping wave
 Casting their rays into the great beyond ;
 Even making bright the confines of the grave.

And this is life, with all its golden sheen,
 Casting a halo round us as we go ;
 Looking before us to the upland height,
 Anon behind us to the long ago.

But Nature's tints grow deeper as we gaze,
 The golden grain waves in the autumn breeze ;
 While from the landscape lifts the silver haze,
 And colder winds sigh through the ruddy trees

Then Auster breathes upon the face of earth,
 Blanching her cheek so late of roseate hue,
 Holding her currents bound in icy chains,
 And setting on her brow the cold death dew.

Winter stalks onward in the garb of Death,
 With footsteps sounding loud o'er hill and
 plain ;
 But there are words upon her boisterous breath
 Which tell us 'all will come to life again'.

And this is truth ; the seed is cast to earth
 To die, and then to spring to bloom of life,
 Mayhap a better and a brighter time—
 No sorrow knowing, neither pain nor strife.

.

Then weep not ye whose only hope seems lost,
 Kind hearts are with you in your troubled hour ;
 Forget not '*Death is*' but '*another life*,'
 And God of strength is e'er a mighty tower.

THE WEE CREEPIE STUIL.

THIS wee creepie stuil that I noo hae my fit on, .
 Has been in the haudin' for mony a year,
 It brings to my auld head fain thochts o' my lost anes,
 An' seeks frae my age-bedimmed e'e the saut tear.
 Frien' Gibbie, it's lang syne we last met thegither,
 We've baith seen the dark days o' sorrow an' dool,
 An' syne, we maun crack through the rules o' auld
 frien'ship,
 I'll tell ye the tale o' the wee creepie stuil.

Ye'll min' when oor Grizzie an' me first forgather'd,
 Hoo bricht, blithe, an' bonnie was my strappin'
 quean,

Her cheeks like the rose, an' her skin like the lily,
 Her bonnie broon hair, an' her bricht glentin' e'en ?
 But she faded awa' like a flo'er i' the autumn,
 An' left me sae weary an' sadly forfairn,
 She whispered thae words ere her spirit soared upward,
 " O ! Jamie, be kin' to your mitherless bairn."

Willie thrave like a bracken aneath the green shade,
 An' his mither's soul keeked frae his bonnie dark e'e,
 His roun' chubby cheeks, an his black curly pow
 Were the won'er o' a' an' the warl' to me.
 The wee creepie stuil the bairn gat frae his grannie—
 (But lang the auld cratur' has slept i' the mool)—
 An pairt wi't he wadna, no' e'en for his faither ;
 He'd nearly gane gyte owre the wee creepie stuil.

It ser't for a hoose, for a cairt, an' a table,
 For kirk, an' for pu'pit wi' preacher sae braw ;
 It ser't for a doggie, a bairn, an' a cuddy,
 But as a war charger was used maist o' a'.
 He charged at the chairs, ither stails, an' the table,
 His cheeks a' aglow wi' the wee mimic fray,
 His e'en glentin' fire as if death he was dealin',
 As if roun' aboot him the dead foemen lay.

An' when the grey shades o' the gloamin' crept owre us,
 The bairnie wad tire o' his rampin' an' play,
 I'd strip aff his wee duds, an' put him to cuddly,
 But first he wad kneel by his wee stuil and pray.

What won'er that when the sun dips i' the westward,
 An' nichts gloomy shadows creep up owre the sky,
 I fancy I hear thae saft heaven-like accents
 That wring frae my sair-laden bosom a sigh.

But time gaed a-birlin' the years swiftly onward,
 An' wi' them the bairnie grew into the man,
 As strang as an aik, an' sae brave an' kin'hearted,
 My laddie was match for the wale o' the lan'.
 Prince Charlie had need o' sic hearts frae the Lowlan's,
 To bring back to Scotland her ain native croon.
 The laddie was fain for the loud clang o' battle,
 To twine the bricht laurel his brave broo aroun'.

Sae when the loud pibroch fu' clearly was soundin',
 Awakin' the echocs o' mountain an' dale,
 When bricht in the sun the braid claymore was glintin'
 An' the fierce slogan cry was borne far on the gale,
 My laddie was there where the fray was the fiercest,
 An' gar'd mony a foe o' his country to reel;
 But when the sun sank, an' the red day was ended,
 My ain bonnie bairnie lay dead on the fiel'.

O! Gibbie, what won'er my auld heart keeps sabbin',
 An' sighin' sae wearily through the lang years,
 Hoo fain wad I be in the blue lift up yonder,
 Sae far far awa frae this sad vale o' tears.

Ye'll ablins be thinkin' me donnert an' doited ?
 Ye'll think to yoursel' I'm an auld crazy fuil ?
 But O ! my heart clings like the green ivy tendrils
 Roun' the memories that hallow that wee creepie
 stuil.

THE DREAM OF LITTLE TIM.

A STARLESS night, and the keen cold wind
 Wailed down the streets and the dingy lanes,
 And swept the rain in fitful gusts
 In fury against the window panes.
 The teeming thousands rushed along
 The hard-paved face of the mighty town;
 The millionaire with his haughty stride,
 The city man, and the country clown ;
 The wrinkled crone, and the new-made bride,
 The maid in the bright heyday of youth—
 All were hurrying side by side
 With the man of lies and the man of truth.
 Here wealth rubbed skirts with the filthy rags
 Of the tainted children of want and sin,
 But ears were shut to the cry that rose
 High o'er the rush and the roaring din.
 But, O ! 'tis an awful tide that comes
 Through the mighty cities with heaving swell,

With waves as dark as the Stygian flood
 That nine times circles the night of hell.
 But the heart will ask—Is there yet a power
 In the ken of man, in this Christian age,
 To stem the tide in its ceaseless flow,
 To beat it back its fearful rage ?
 Is there power in wealth of the hand and heart,
 Is there power in the arm of the idol gold,
 Is there power in the finger that points to Heaven,
 The same as in misty cycles old ?
 The hand lies soft on the breast of ease,
 And the heart sings sweet to Marsya's strains,
 And the soul drinks deep of the potent draught
 Distilled by the hand of the demon Gain.
 When this is so the Saffron god
 Can but be ranked with the idols dumb,
 The index finger of precept still
 Keeps pointing—but O ! how cold and numb.

The lamplight casts its fitful glare
 O'er a filthy yard in a darksome slum,
 Where the sin-stained waifs on the sea of life
 To kiss the god of sleep oft come.
 The city clocks tell the midnight hour,
 And the sounds ring out on the deluged air,
 A slim form creeps from the shadows dark
 With grimy face and unkempt hair—

'Tis a pale-faced, ill-clad boy of ten,
 But the hand of 'want' heaps on the years,
 And makes the gamins look old men,
 For hunger's hand is the hand that sears—
 He creeps away to the furthest cart
 The coster had lately tilted there,
 And the lamplight falls on his tear-stained face
 As he carefully wrings his rain-drenched hair.
 He kneels him down by the old cart wheel,
 And raises his face to the starless sky—
 He whispers, 'O mother, 'tis little Tim,
 Look down on him from your home on high ;'
 He pauses now, and begins again—
 'I lays my body down to sleep'
 (And o'er his face comes an angel's smile),
 'I prays the Lord my soul to keep.'
 Then—'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild'
 (And faith shines bright on the tear-stained face),
 'Look down, look on a little child,
 And give him of Thy saving grace ;
 Look on poor little Tim to-night,
 And give him of Thy love untold,
 For fear he should grow old in sin
 Lord take him to Thy heavenly fold.'
 The prayer o'er, he creeps away,
 And lays him down on the cart to sleep,
 His lips move as he seems to say,
 'I prays the Lord my soul to keep.'

Then the angel comes, and he lays his hand
 On the tear-wet eyelids of little Tim,
 And all the world, with its wealth and want,
 Are speedily forgot by him.
 A spirit comes to the realms of sleep
 To give to the weary a draught of bliss,
 To smooth the lines from the brow of care
 And leave on the fevered lips a kiss.
 That spirit comes to the sleeper there,
 And the dreamer sees through the distant haze
 The little cot by the brooklet side
 Where swiftly flew his early days.
 He hears the bleat of the sportive lamb,
 As it gambols along the green hillside,
 And he sees the ducks with their downy brood
 Stemming the limpid streamlet's tide.
 He sees the flowers in the meadow green,
 And they seem to him like the sheen of gold,
 They come with a fragrance sweet and pure,
 And welcome as in the days of old.
 He sees his father come home at eve
 Weary, but cheerful, from labour free,
 And he feels his hand on his sunny curls,
 As he gleefully mounts his parent's knee.
 He kneels again by his mother's side
 And lisps, 'I lay me down to sleep'
 (Heaven hears such accents sweet and pure),
 'I give my soul to Christ to keep.'

And then he feels the good-night kiss
 Like angel lips on his childish brow,
 And his mother whispers low, ' He was
 Once but a little child like thou ;
 Ay, once upon the world's great sea,
 In the misty years of the far-off time,
 He was an outcast, child, like thee,
 Although he had neither sin nor crime.'

A dark cloud comes o'er his vision now,
 And the fields and the flowerets fade away,
 And the murky shades of the dreary night
 Are chasing the bright sunbeams of day,
 He sees a room in a dingy lane,
 Two still white forms lie on a bed,
 And a strange voice whispers in his ear,
 ' Thou art alone, they both are dead.'
 The fever came, and the silvery cord
 Was snapped, and their spirits sped away,
 But you will meet again, my child,
 In the shining light of an endless day.
 An endless day—how bright it seems,
 And the streets of the city are paved with gold,
 Where every face is bright with joy,
 And all are young, and none are old.
 But lo ! a seraph on snowy wings
 Comes with a burden up from earth,

And lays before the great white throne,
 Where sat the power that sent him forth.
 A little pale-faced boy like Tim,
 Without a coat, with unkempt hair.
 His eyes are bright, those well-known words
 Upon his lips still linger there—
 ‘ I lay my body down to sleep ’
 (And now the tattered garments fall),
 ‘ I give my soul to Christ to keep ’
 (The angel says, ‘ He keeps us all ’),
 ‘ If I should die before I wake ’
 (Bring forth the brightest robe for him),
 ‘ I pray the Lord my soul to take ’—
 He has it, Shining Angel Tim.

The coster comes at the break of day,
 And he finds a corpse so stiff and cold—
 It bears the features of Little Tim,
 With the form so young, and the face so old.

A still form lies in the coster’s room,
 There are tears in the eyes of the coster’s wife,
 And she says, ‘ He ’as gone to better ’ome
 As ever he’d ’ad in this hawful life.’



ELSIE'S TRYST.

A LEGEND OF THE BUCKLAND BURN.

MY gran'faither sat in his auld arm-chair
By the side o' the ingle bricht,
An' roun' him were gathered the young an' fair
On this fierce wild winter nicht.

His head was bent on his deep broad breast,
In his een was a far-off look,
As he thochtlessly turned ower the weel-worn leaves
O' the household ' Holy Book.'

He raised his head—" It's an awfu' nicht,
But I've seen sic a ane before,
Come, Eppie, lassie, draw doon the blind,
An' steek to the hallan door."

The win' cam' on wi' a weird-like wail,
As it tore through the leafless trees ;
The Bucklan' was roarin' frae bank to brae
As it rushed on its way to the sea.

We heard the roar o' the Solway wave
 As it broke on the rocky shore,
 An' we saw the lichnin's vivid flash
 As we ne'er had seen 't before.

Ilka ane crept to his neebour's side,
 Ilka face was the picture o' fear,
 As the leven bolt shot through the sky,
 An' the thunder cam' roarin' near.

But loud o'er the sound o' the thunder's voice
 An' the wail o' the wintry blast,
 Cam' a long, wild, shrill, despairin' cry—
 As if that cry was the last

O' some puir soul in the jaws o' death,
 An' faun' it was hard to die;
 An' should I live for a thousan' years
 I'll never forget that cry.

My gran'faither started up frae his chair,
 In his een was a wild-like licht,
 "Bairns, that's the cry o' puir Elsie Gray
 That was drooned on that awfu' nicht.

I min' o't weel; 'twas lang, lang syne—
 Some sixty years or mair,
 An' aye it is heard on a nicht like this,
 Whan the 'Storm King' rides the air.

Young Elsie Gray was as bonnie a lass
 As ye'd seen in a simmer day's ride,
 An' a truer heart ye wadna faun'
 Frae the Forth to the Solway tide.

She lived up there on the Bucklan' brae,
 A wee 'bune the ' Corby's Nest ;'
 But noo she sleeps in the auld kirkyaird,
 Where the worn an' the weary rest.

Her smile was bricht as the dawnin' o' morn,
 Her hair like the raven's wing ;
 An' no' a wee birdie that cleft the air
 Sae softly or sweetly could sing.

Ilka chiel far an' near ower the country-side
 Fu' fain wad hae ca'd her his wife,
 But she lauched at them a', an' said she'd remain
 Unmarried the hale o' her life ;

For nane o' them ken'd that her leal young heart
 Was far, far awa' ower the sea,
 An' that mony a nicht her heart was sad,
 An' the saut tear dimmed her e'e.

Whan the win' wad rair on a nicht like this,
 An' the ocean was lashed into foam,
 She wad toss on her couch and fainly wad think
 O' the laddie that never wad come.

Their tryst was aye at the auld stane brig
 That spans the Buckland Burn;
 Sae she pairted there on a stormy nicht
 Wi' her laddie that ne'er wad return.

But there that nicht on the auld stane brig,
 'Tis said ere he gaed awa',
 That han' in han' they firmly sealed
 This compact atween them twa—

When a year had sped to the misty past
 They wad come to the trystin' stane,
 In weal, in woe, in life, or death,
 Thae twasome wad meet again.

The winter fled when the voice o' spring
 Ca'd the buds an' the blossoms forth,
 An' warned the king wi' the icy croon
 To his hame in the distant north.

Then simmer followed wi' wealth o' flowers
 An' music o' wild birds sang,
 Till the air was laden wi' sweet perfume,
 An' the woodlan' echoes rang.

Then autumn cam' wi' her mellow tints,
 Wi' her offerings o' fruit an' grain,
 An' she faintly whispered oot to the earth
 That winter was comin' again.

The russet o' autumn sune faded to grey,
 An' hushed was the wee birds' sang;
 The days turned short, the wind got chill,
 An' the nichts grew eerie an' lang.

Sae this is the tale that the gossips tell—
 On a fierce, wild Januar' nicht,
 When the elements raged an' the roarin' fluids
 Cam' doon wi' resistless micht,

Puir Elsie cam' frae her hame on the brae,
 Her cheeks were haggard an' pale,
 Her step unsteady, her raven locks
 Hang loose to the winter gale.

Sair, sair was the pain at her heart that nicht
 As she gaed to the trystin' stane,
 For the win' seemed thundering into her ear,
 'Yer hame ye will ne'er see again.'

At length she cam' to the auld stane brig,
 That shook wi' the foam' spate,
 She grasped the ledge, her heart stood still,
 She was face to face wi' fate;

For there on the brig stood a tall, pale man,
 An' a sailor's garb wore he,
 'Twas the lad o' her heart, that true to his tryst
 Had come frae the restless sea.

The lichtnin's gleam showed the face o' death,
 An' the seaweed entwined in his hair,
 His garments were crusted wi' pearly shells,
 An' his e'en had a sightless stare.

' I've come frae the depths o' the soundin' sea
 To the tryst set atween us baith,
 I've come to tak' ye, my leal, true heart,
 An' mak' ye the bride o' death.'

He took her into his cauld embrace,
 On the ledge o' the brig they stood,
 Then cam' that wild, despairin' cry—
 They were baith doon into the flood.

The mornin' dawned cauld, bleak, an' grey,
 The strength o' the storn had gane,
 When they faun' the corpse o' Elsie Gray
 As lifeless an' cauld as stane.

When the win' roars through Black Mora wood,
 An' the Bucklan' is fu' to the brae,
 I think o' the tryst at the auld stane brig
 An' the fate o' puir Elsie Grey."



BETTY O' BA'MAE.

THERE lives a bonnie lass I ken
On yonder gowany brae,
Where rose an' honeysuckle twine
Aroun' an aged tree,
That casts its fricn'ly shade upon
A cottage snug an' clean—
The wee bit porch weel mantled
In its garb o' ivy green.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,
Her een are like the slae,
A fairer quean is seldom seen
Than Betty o' Ba'mae.

I listen to the blackie's note
Come on the evening breeze,
I watch the playfu' squirrel loup
Amang the leafy trees,
When at oor tryst I wait for her,
Wha's voice is sweeter far
Than merle's note at eventide
In yonder woods afar.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,
 Her een are like the slae,
 A fairer quean is seldom seen
 Than Betty o' Ba'mae.

Aft i' the gloamin' grey she comes
 To oor auld trystin' tree,
 Where mony times we've met afore—
 'Twill aye be dear to me;
 For first ancath its boughs I ken'd
 Young love's enraptured bliss,
 When on her red, ripe lips I pressed
 Love's hallowed virgin kiss.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,
 Her een are like the slae,
 A fairer quean is seldom seen
 Than Betty o' Ba'mae.

We'll wed when roses scent the air
 In sunny, fragrant June,
 When wee birds lilt in cheery strain
 Their saft sweet vesper tune.
 We'll hae a wee hoose o' oor ain
 Built up on yonder brae,
 Where I will spen' life's happy hours
 Wi' Betty o' Ba'mae.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,
 Her een are like the slae,
 A fairer quean is seldom seen
 Than Betty o' Ba'mae.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BYGONE.

HE was sitting by the fireside
 When the long day's toil was o'er,
 And the ember-glow was casting
 Long deep shadows on the floor;
 On the walls and on the ceiling
 Long deep shadows as of yore.

'Mid the embers he saw faces,
 Ruddy red, grotesque, and old,
 Like the faces in the bygone:
 Some were smiling, others cold,
 One or two had lines of beauty,
 Some were modest, some were bold.

Then he saw the vista open
 To the days for ever fled,
 And he thought he heard sweet voices,
 Like the voices of the dead,
 And that loving hands and tender
 Rested on his snowy head.

Down there in the glowing vista
 Stood his father's cottage home,
Underneath the spreading ash tree,
 Where at eventide he'd come,
Feeling weary with his romping,
 Never dreaming he would roam.

There the schoolhouse, 'neath the branches
 Of the stately, spreading lime,
And he heard the merry laughter
 Coming like a matin chime—
Childish laughter, silv'ry voices,
 Music of a far-off time.

There the old church o'er the meadow,
 Where on sunny Sabbath morn
He would, hand in hand with mother,
 Down the path among the corn,
Walk to hear the white old pastor
 Tell him of his state forlorn.

And he saw the village smithy
 Stand beneath the oaken bough,
While the music of the anvil
 Came as clearly to him now
As when at winter eventide
 He went to mend the plough.

Then he saw the cold grave yawning,
 There, beside the old church wall,
And he heard the hard earth falling
 On his world, his love, his all ;
For his mother's death came to him
 Like the shadow of a pall.

He remembered all the toiling,
 All the turmoil and the strife,
How he sickened with the clamour
 And the battling for life,
While the sophistry of sages
 Told him pleasures still were rife.

But the embers now are sinking,
 And the faces all are fled,
Still he feels that he is living
 In the presence of the dead,
While their spirits fondly hover
 Round the old man's hoary head.

While he listens to the river,
 And the music of its flow,
That is lying now between him
 And the land he does not know,
But will bring again the youth time
 And the loves of long ago.



OUR WEE GRAVES.

THERE are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
Where the droopin' birk grows green,
Where the gowan closes its tearfu' e'e
When the sun gangs doon in the lift sae hie
In the glory o' gowden sheen.

There are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
An' a wee white-painted stane
That tells o' oor flow'rets faded away
In the rosy mornin' o' life's fair day,
An' o' hearts sae dowie an' lane.

There are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird
That are drookit wi' mony a tear,
Where achin' hearts breathe mony a sigh
That is borne on the soft breeze stealin' by
To the great guid Faither's ear.

There are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
That we deck in the early spring
Wi' thae tender geins that open their een
When the days grow lang an' the earth grows green,
An' the wee birds merrily sing.

There are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
 Where wee caskets crumble away,
 But the jewels shine in the halls o' licht,
 Where the gloomy shadows o' mirky nicht
 Are banished by endless day.

There are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
 An' an empty cradle at hame;
 There are wee weans' plaiks laid carefully by,
 For they wring frae oor sair hearts mony a sigh,
 An' feelin's we canna weel name.

There are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
 But memory is fresh and green;
 We've nae wee bairnies to bless us noo,
 An' oor een are wat wi' the bricht heart-dew
 As we think o' what micht hae been.

There are twa wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
 An' we gaird them wi' tentie e'e,
 Where we shall sleep when oor toil is past,
 When in the haven oor anchor's cast
 In oor Faither's hame on hie.

There are mony wee graves in the auld kirkyaird,
 An' mony a wee white stane;
 There are mony fain hearts as sair as oors,
 That drap the tear ower their faded flowers,
 An' feel as dowie an' lane.



THE STORM KING.

THE Storm King rose from his lair one night,
And spread forth his bat-like wings;
He said to himself, "I am greater far
Than the mightiest race of kings.
What care I for the puppets of earth,
Who vaunt of their skill and might—
I lay in the dust their labour of years
With my breath in a single night.
I rode through the air in the ages dark,
And circled around the the zones;
And my voice is heard in every clime
With its echoing thunder tones.
I sprang to life with the moon and stars
That spangle the arch of Heaven,
And the mightiest power that I possess
By an infinite hand was given.
I move the earth's foundations vast,
Make mountains quiver and shake;
I make the Liliput man with his pride
At my name to shiver and quake.
I know not a long ancestral line,
I laugh at the pride of birth—

I am King of the Storm, and my domain
Is beyond the limits of earth."

He donned his crown of the thunder cloud,
And grasped his sceptre of fire ;
He stood on the loftiest mountain peak
Like a demon strong in his ire.
He gazed on the great hills wreathed in snow,
On the rivers in icy chains ;
And he sent the whirling simoon forth
O'er the trackless and arid plains.
He saw the face of the placid sea
Mirroring the countless stars ;
He gazed on the ships becalmed on its breast,
The sea-birds asleep in the spars.
He saw the hives of the toiler man
Through the darkling clouds of smoke,
And he saw him wreathed in the arms of rest
'Neath the shadow of labour's yoke.
He gazed on the regal domes of kings,
And laughed in his pride and glee ;
Then spread his wings and soared away
Far over the earth and sea.

He breathed on the deep, the waves rose high,
Like the mountains capped with snow,
And the ships reeled up to the foaming crests,
Then swept to the gulphs below.

He laughed aloud when the tap'ring masts
 Would quiver beneath his breath,
And go by the board, like withered reeds,
 Dealing out ruin and death.
The white foam seethed when the giant waves
 Leaped up to the starry sky,
And the Storm King laughed aloud when he heard
 The perishing mariner's cry.
Then he encircled the mountain tops
 With a belt of his lurid chains,
And he sent the rocks on the wings of death
 Adown to the peopled plains.
He grasped the trees in his great right hand,
 And whirled them into the air;
And many a hill that was forest-crowned
 Is treeless, and bleak, and bare.
He made the rivers come roaring down
 In wrath to the heaving sea,
And the floods leaped over the rocky linns
 As they roared in their ecstasy.
He launched his darts at the kingly halls,
 And shivered the frescoed domes;
He shrieked with mirth when he swept away
 The lordly and lowly homes.
And then he circled and soared away
 To his lair in the lofty wild;
And he calmly folded his wings to rest,
 And slept like a weary child.



LONGINGS.

WHEN the spring sunbeams kiss the budding trees,
To leave a glow upon the blossom's cheek ;
Like the soft smile of lover, as he sighs
To leave his lip-impress upon the brow
Of some fair maiden, blushing in her teens—
I gaze adown the vista, dim and dark,
With yearning heart to lift aside the pall
That shuts my vision from those scenes of life
That will come to me like a fitful dream,
Making the heartstrings quiver, and the brain
Stagger along the rugged path of sense,
Making me feel that life has ever been
A painful dream, awakening to pain—
A stepping-stone to darker realms of death.

I long for years that from the lap of time
Have fallen to eternity's deep dreamless sleep,
Knowing no future, fondly looking back
With all the yearnings of a selfish soul,
That lives but for the crumbs of bread that fall
So sparsely from the niggard hand of fate.
Could I but turn my head upward to heaven !
As I can turn it to the buried past,

And long for better things that fill the soul,
No hunger knowing in the evermore.

A still small voice, like music of the spheres,
That finds the tenderest touches of the man,
Comes in the twilight, when the shadows fall
Upon the life day, and it whispers thus :
“ Live with no longing for the days that passed
Thee, like deep shadows on the rugged way,
Leaving but seams of sorrow where they fell—
Giving the nature of the leper-touch,
That drags the fruitful present to the past—
Blinding the soul unto the golden glow
That lies upon the life-sky's distant rim,
A glow that yet will chase the hanging mists ;
When heaven's own light shall fall athwart the way
The feet shall tread, when man shall turn his steps
Upward, and onward to his Father God :

“ Live with the present ! and the future comes
Like laden bee, with treasure to the hive,
Pregnant with nectar from the blushing flowers,
That gleam like systems in an emerald sky.

“ Live with the present ! for it lays the stones
That bear the superstructure of the years,
That one by one the fabric of a life
Build, Babel-like, unto the gate of heaven.

“Live with the present : but the life must be
 The reflex of the brighter hours that lie
 Within the future, brighter for the years
 That pass before them, down the stream of time.”

Longings will come upon the verge of life,
 When eventide comes with the vesper bell ;
 Tolling as 'twere the dirge of days that lie
 Far in the bygone, coming yet to bear
 The record of the battles that have made
 Life noble, to be more noble still.
 Crowned with the bays the warrior pants to gain ;
 For these are tokens that the life has been
 Fruitful of noble deeds and nobler aims.

But these are longings for the purer joys
 That made ambition fire the youthful soul,
 Joys knowing none of all the base alloys
 That make the counterfeit of heavenly things,
 Joys that will bring the weary tempest tossed
 Into the haven of a peaceful rest.

Then shall the longings for the days that lie
 With buried hopes, dead loves, and undried tears,
 Be in the sepulchre, where deepest gloom,
 And dusky death hold undisputed sway.



ERIC'S WEIRD.

A LEGEND OF BISHOPTON WOOD.

TWAS lang, lang syne, in the far-off years,
When the Bruce an' the "Wallace Wight"
Strode ower the heather red wat shod
In defence o' auld Scotland's richt,
When the southron loons 'neath their reekin' blades
Fell fast at ilk sturdy stroke,
An' faun' that the sons o' auld Caledon
Could never wear England's yoke.
By the side o' the Dee in Bishopton Wood,
When the sun had sunk in the west ;
When the levret crept to his bed in the brake,
An' the wee bird hopped to his nest ;
When the pale moon sailed in the blue owerhead,
An' the starnies keeked frae the sky ;
When the south wind cam' through the leafy trees
As soft as a maiden's sigh ;
When the burnie sung its sang to the nicht,
As it leapt on its way in glee,
An' danced alang like a thing o' life
On its way to the rowin' Dee ;

In a grassy glade, where the simmer moon
 Keeked doon in its siller sheen,
 Sat a stalwart youth, an' a lady fair,
 Wi' the form an' grace o' a queen.
 Her gowden hair gaed in ripples doon
 Ower her neck as white as the snaw ;
 Her voice was saft, an' sweet as the lute
 She played in her faither's ha'.
 The Lady May had stown that nicht
 Frae her faither's keep on the hill
 To tell the love o' her pure young heart
 To ' Eric Nun ' o' the Mill.
 Young ' Eric Nun ' was as brave a lad
 As e'er saw the licht o' day,
 His face was fair, an' he trod the swaird
 As licht as a woodland fay ;
 His arrow was swift, an' sure to the mark,
 His sword was bricht an' keen,
 An' the noble love o' his manly heart
 Aye danced in his bricht blue e'en.
 Thae twasome met on this simmer nicht,
 As they'd met in the days gane by,
 For they lo'ed to meet where the wild flowers spring
 An' the simmer soft winds sigh.
 The Lady May was o' noble blood,
 An' Eric o' plebeian birth,
 But there ne'er was a nobler heart than his
 E'er throbbled on this fair green earth ;

But what cared she for the pride o' birth,
 Or coffers o' bricht red gowd,
 When the voice o' love sang sweet in her heart
 Sae merrily clear an' loud,
 'Twas sweeter far than the vesper hymn
 She sang at the holy shrine,
 For aye it chanted the soft refrain,
 'I am thine, brave Eric, thine !'
 While they sat there on the daisy'd sward,
 Breathing their vows oft made,
 A long dark shadow fell at their feet,
 An' a form strode into the glade.
 Eric's sword flashed in Luna's rays,
 An' lichtly he sprang to his feet.
 'Stay, stand,' he cried ; ' say who thou art,
 If death ye would not meet.'
 'No Eric Nun, thy guid steel blade
 Will ne'er rust wi' my bluid ;
 Ye wad raither lose your hand than harm
 The auld witch o' Sen'ick Wud.
 Your faither dee'd in thae airms o' mine
 When pierced wi' the southron's steel,
 An' e'er since syne, my brave true heart,
 I've tented your woe an' weal.
 That fair young flow'r that clings to your heart
 Wi' love's pure licht in her e'e,
 Is the blackest sicht your e'en e'er saw,
 For sune for her ye maun dee.

Her faither has sworn by his patron saint
 An' his strang keep up on the hill,
 That ere yon fair young moon shall wane
 Your warm life's bluid he'll spill ;
 For he has a lord for his winsome bairn
 O' years three score an' twa,
 But he has plenty o' gowd in his belt,
 An' lands an' a castle ha' ;
 Sae he has chosen this lairdly churl
 To mate wi' your sweet young May,
 An' he'll mak' a swoop on your fresh young life,
 As the hawk swoops doon on his prey.'
 ' Hush, mother, hush,' brave Eric cried ;
 ' While I've life to handle my blade
 I swear by the dark deep tide o' the Dee
 I'll meet my love in the glade.'
 ' Gang, lady, gang to your faither's keep,'
 Said the woman o' mystic spells,
 An' save the life o' the lad ye lo'e,
 Sae dearly ye canna tell.
 Your faither's bowmen will scour the wuds,
 As they hunt for the swift red roe ;
 They ne'er will halt till the lad o' your heart
 At their feet is lying low.'
 ' I lo'e him, I lo'e him,' cried Lady May—
 ' I'm his in life an' in death,
 An' gane my faither should slay my love,
 He e'en maun slay us baith.

I wad raither far be his bride in death
 Than live as an auld man's wife;
 But I wad dee gane my brave sweetheart
 For ever gaed oot o' my life.'
 'I will gang awa hame to my hut in the wud,
 My auld heart wi' sorrow seared;
 But gane ye'll no' list to me, Eric bairn,
 Ye e'en maun gang to your weird.
 But wae to the han' that shall spill your bluid—
 To the laird o' Bishopton Tower,
 For the withering curse o' the Sen'ick Witch
 Will rest on his heid frae this hour.'

.

The simmer moon had waxed to the full,
 An' brightly rose ower the hill,
 When the Lady May cam' to meet again
 Wi' Eric Nun o' the Mill.
 But oh! she met wi' a waefu' sicht
 As she cam' to the trystin' place,
 For Eric lay wi' a shaft in his heart,
 An' the stamp o' death on his face.
 Her life gaed oot wi' the waefu' cry
 That rang through the silent wood,
 An' there she lay, by her dead sweetheart,
 Her bricht hair stained wi' his blood.

Bishopton's laird felt the awfu' curse
 The witch had laid on his head,
 An' lang ere the spring flowers bloomed on the brae
 He had faun' his hame wi' the dead.
 His tower gaed crumblin' doon to the grun',
 And leftna a single trace;
 'Twas weel, for it was like a leper spot
 On Nature's beauteous face.

BREAD AND A STONE.

THE cold wind swept the village street,
 The trees were gaunt and bare;
 Grim winter held high carnival,
 For snow fell everywhere.
 The biting blast wailed wierdly round
 The dwellings of the poor,
 And swept the gathering snow in wreaths
 Against each cottage door.
 The church spire loomed to heaven, but still
 The heaven seemed far away,
 And Poverty, and Want, and Sin
 Grew stronger every day.
 Grew stronger, while the shivering poor
 No hand of succour found;

And many were the prayers that God
 Would end the weary round.

Within a thatch-roofed hovel, close
 Beside the old church wall,
 A widow and her sickly boy—
 Her heaven, her earth, her all.
 The dying embers in the grate
 Threw shadows all around,
 And save the shrieking of the gale
 Was heard no other sound.
 The boy was wrapt in slumber, while
 His mother knelt in prayer ;
 The ember-glow fell deep and red
 Upon her golden hair.
 She prayed for heaven to send her bread
 To feed her suffering child ;
 Her eyes were full of scalding tears,
 Her thoughts were fierce and wild.

The wind went down, the morning broke
 O'er snow-wreaths white and cold,
 And still the church spire pointed up
 As dumbly as of old.
 The village street resounded not
 Beneath the rustic's tread,
 The heavens were leaden, and the earth
 Was silent as the dead.

Within the cottage by the church,
 Two faces white and cold—
 The boy within his mother's arms,
 And both within the fold.
 And there they lay for many days,
 None dreamt that they were dead;
 But now they both have got a stone
 That humbly prayed for bread.

CARREENIE.

“CARREENIE, Carreenie, O where will ye gang
 When the black cloud sweeps o'er the winter sky?”
 “I will gang to the cliff where the solan sleeps,
 An' list to the petrel's eerie cry;
 For faither an' Dugald are on the sea,
 An' O 'tis a wearyfu' time for me.”

“Carreenie, Carreenie, O where will ye gang
 When the fire-dairt lurks in the murky cloud?”
 “I will gang to the cliff an' gaze o'er the main,
 Though the thunder-voice be long an' loud;
 For faither an' Dugald are on the sea,
 O 'tis a wearyfu' time for me.”

“ Carreenie, Carreenie, O where will ye gang
 When the wave is crested wi’ snawy faem ?”
 “ I will gang to the cliff wi’ my kerchief white,
 An’ try to signal the loved anes hame ;
 For faither an’ Dugald are on the sea,
 An’, O ’tis a wearyfu’ time for me.”

“ Carreenie, Carreenie, O where will ye gang
 When the nicht is dark an’ the elements war ?”
 “ I will gang to the cliff wi’ my signal licht,
 To warn the fishermen off the bar ;
 For faither an’ Dugald are on the sea,
 An’, O ’tis a wearyfu’ time for me.”

“ Carreenie, Carreenie, O where will ye gang
 If faither an’ Dugald should never come hame ?”
 “ I will gang to the cliff at the trystin’ hour,
 An’ dee a death that I couldna name ;
 If faither an’ Dugald were in the sea
 Life wad be wearyfu’ livin’ for me.”





THE BROOM ON THE BORLAN' BRAES.

O ! HIE thee awa', my bonnie wee bird,
O ! hie thee awa' ower the sea,
To the lan' o' my faither's, the lan' o' my heart,
An' the cot by the banks o' the Dee.
An' spier gane the hearts that I lo'e still are leal,
Gane they min' o' the far-awa' days
When bairnies we wan'ered the simmer day lang
'Mang the Broom on the Borlan' Braes.

Thy plumage is fair as the bonnie blue bell,
An' the gowan that nods i' the breeze ;
It gleams like the e'e o' the red simmer sun
As it keeks through the boughs o' the trees.
But gay though ye be, ye cheer na my lot
At gloamin' wi' soul-stirrin' lays ;
My heart e'en maun lang for the lintie's sweet sang
'Mang the Broom on the Borlan' Braes.

Though fair be the lan' where my lot noo is cast,
An' bricht be the blue sunny sky,
I fain wad be back to the strath o' the Dee,
Where the dark waters swiftly rush by

As if they wad droon wi' the storm o' their wrath
 The birdie's sweet anthem o' praise,
 As they lilt their sweet chorus at close o' the day
 'Mang the Broom on the Borlan' Braes.

Hoo fainly I look o'er the ocean's white faem,
 An' dream o' the Galloway glens,
 An' croon a wee lilt to the country I lo'e—
 To its rivers, its lochs, an' its bens.
 But O! for the banks o' the dark rowin' Dee,
 Where fast flew my boyhood's bricht days,
 An' the heart-stirrin' note o' the lintie at e'en
 'Mang the Broom on the Borlan' Braes.

Then hie thee awa', my bonnie wee bird,
 O! hie thee awa' ower the sea,
 To the lan' o' my faither's, the lan' o' my heart,
 An' the cot by the banks o' the Dee.
 An' spier gane the hearts that I lo'e still are leal,
 Gane they min' o' the far-awa' days
 When bairnies we wan'ered the simmer day lang
 'Mang the Broom on the Borlan' Braes.



TO MY AULD WIFE.

O SWEETLY rang the birdie's sang !
Alang the banks o' Dee, Jeanie,
An' O, hoo sweet the wild flo'ers sprang !
When first I met wi' thee, Jeanie.
My soul wi' youthfu' ardour glowed.
An' love's tide through my bosom flowed,
I stepped fu' blythely on the road
O' life when I met thee, Jeanie.

But misty years, bedimmed wi' tears,
Hae come an' gane since syne, Jeanie,
But O ! I bless the happy day,
The day that made thee mine, Jeanie.
The warl's had dool, an' cares enou,
Dreich's been the drivin' o' the ploo,
Cauld wad hae been dark sorrow's dew
Had it no' been for thee, Jeanie.

Oor twa sweet bairns hae grass-grown cairns
In yon'er auld kirkyaird, Jeanie,
Your heart bled sairly when we laid
Them baith aneath the swaird, Jeanie ;

But brave an' trustfu' ye hae been,
 An' spak o' glints o' gowden sheen,
 That keek the mirky clouds atween
 To cheer us on oor way, Jeanie.

But noo the rime o' ruthless time
 Lies thickly on oor pows, Jeanie,
 An' we are no sae lithe as when
 We tripped the Borlan' knowes, Jeanie.
 But faithfu' love still fills oor hearts,
 We to ilk ither dae oor pairts,
 We fear na death's unerrin' dairts,
 We've aye been leal an' true, Jeanie.

Fu' blythe an' snod on life's rough road,
 Ye've trudged alang wi' me, Jeanie,
 While kin' words aye fell frae your lips,
 An' love-licht frae your e'e, Jeanie.
 Your han' aye smoothed the broo o' care,
 E'en when o' ills ye had your share,
 An' God will bless ye evermair,
 My ain, my brave auld wife, Jeanie.



THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

THERE is a dignity in hard rough hands,
On broad, swart brow, and weather beaten cheek ;
For these are marks that father Adam won
When naught was known of wage from week to week.

Labour hath dignity, when honour comes
With wealth, to give the hall-mark Caste demands,
But many preach this doctrine, knowing well
The dignity of ease, and clean white hands.

“Labour hath dignity,” the rich man says,
But daily, in his actions, gives the lie
To all his preaching, knowing that his power
Lies in false praise, and smiling sophistry.

Labour hath dignity in sweater's den (?)
In noisome slum where fœtid odours rise (?)
A dignity that makes the toiler sick,
And at the mocking cry cast down his eyes.

Can dignity ere sit 'mid flying rags
 Or dwell where hunger pales the tear-stained cheek ?
 Where sickness lingers in the train of want,
 And feeble hands earn but few pence a week ?

Is there a dignity attending slaves
 Whose chains ring unison to cracking thongs ?
 Or does it live in music of the wail
 Wrung from the heart because of direful wrongs ?

Labour hath dignity, when men know men,
 As brothers toiling in the common cause ;
 When justice metes the guerdon, Labour earns,
 And wealth, with labour, bends to equal laws.

THE OLD HOME LIFE.

OVER the valley, there, under the oaks,
 Great towering giants, sturdy of limb,
 You see the gleam of the whitewashed wall ?
 Of the gable sharp, and the chimney tall ?
 That was the home of my dear old folks.

And mine in the years that were bright to me—
 Brighter than all that I since have known ;
 For it was home, with mother and dad,
 And Cis and I, and another lad
 That lived with us, but went to sea,

Never to darken our door again.
 But it was home, with the true home life,
 Full of the love that the heart can know,
 That has found the source of the limpid flow
 That carries away all sorrow and pain.

'Twas up in the morn, when the sunlight streamed
 Through our lattice, and over the floor,
 Buoyant and fresh in the youthful time,
 With hearts that beat to a tuneful chime,
 Making life brighter than ere it seemed.

Out to the mead, among scent of hay,
 Just over yonder, close by the stile,
 When the flowers were yielding their breath so sweet,
 And dewdrops clung to our romping feet,
 Didn't we have such a joyous day!

Father would come to the field to mow,
 Tall and swart, with an eye as bright
 As the leme of a star in the winter sky,
 With voice as soft as a maiden's sigh;
 But heart that never could fear a foe.

Swish went his scythe! and the ground was bare
 For yards around at every stroke,
 And we gathered the hay in our childish hands,
 Twisting it into the long soft bands,
 To make festoons for the Druid's oak.

Yonder old tree with the gnarled boughs,
 Where oft in the calm of the summer eve
 Father and mother, and Cis and I
 Would list to the lark in the soft blue sky,
 And where, in the after years, the vows

Of love-lorn swains to my sister Cis
 Would rustle the leaves that hung o'erhead ;
 But years ago they all have found
 That heaven wasn't just on that spot of ground,
 And many have married not far amiss.

I think as I stand on the hillside here
 I feel the scent of the rose that twined
 Over the porch at the old house door,
 And I think I will feel it for evermore—
 At least, till my senses are worn and sear.

I can't, through all the tumble and fight,
 Forget when we sat round the cheerful blaze,
 Telling our tales of a winter night—
 Of the ghosts, of the goblins, and awful fright
 We got when we saw the pale weird light

Of the glow-worm down by the fallen beech,
 And heard the cry as the night-bird flew
 Away to the heath and his dewy bed,
 To wake in the morn with a watery head,
 Far away from the plough-boy's reach.

And then when the time of our mirth was o'er
 My father would tell us the old, old tale
 Of One who once in a far-off clime
 Suffered and died in the bygone time
 That we might live in the evermore.

He told us a Father we could not know
 Held the sea in His mighty palm,
 Made nations rise and empires fall
 To the humble heart still all and all,
 And loved the penitent sinner so.

And then my father, with a fervent love,
 Prayed that the future might fruitful be ;
 Of the labour that lay in the way of right
 That yet would conquer the power of might,
 And gain a haven of rest above.

But father sleeps in the old churchyard
 We passed on our way to the hillside here,
 And mother is with him, and sister Cis.
 Full many a time I stoop to kiss
 The bright dewdrop from the daisied sward

That rests o'er the loved of my home and life,
 That made me strong for the after time,
 When the strife was mine, and mine alone ;
 When hope was faint, life well-nigh gone,
 Now weary of it all I come

To trace the paths my footsteps trod
 When life was fair and hope was high,
 When earth was bright and friends were true,
 And when the lark was winging through
 The veil that hides the world of God.

A MITHER'S PRAYER.

THE LAST O' SEVEN.

THE starnies keek'd frae the lift ae night,
 An' saftly the breezes sighed
 Wi' an eerie soun' through the Warlaw wood,
 An' the burnie sang a low sweet sang
 Like the lilt o' a far-off time.
 The breeze bore the whisper o' angel tongues,
 An' the fannin' o' angel wings;
 The forms that flitted through the air
 Were golden crowned, an' bricht an' fair,
 Wi' robes like the robes o' kings.

Where the burnie sang a lilt to the nicht,
 An' the starnies up in the blue;
 A wee cot stood 'neath the spreadin' boughs
 O' a gnarled auld aik tree,
 Like the ghaist o' a bygone day,

The glimmerin' rays o' a can'le fell
 On the swaird by the cottage door,
 An' forms were flittin' here an' there—
 On ilka broo was the touch o' care
 That aft had been there before.

A bairnie lay on its mither's knee,
 An' the faither was kneelin' by.
 The tear-drap stole doon the mither's cheek,
 An' the faither's heart was wae,
 Sae wae for his sufferin' wean.
 The bairnie, a bonny wee fairy thing,
 The strength o' the toilin' pair—
 The only angel left o' seven—
 The ithers gane to a hame in heaven,
 An' hearts were weary an' sair!

The mither kissed the wee parched lips,
 An' syne the wee achin' broo,
 Her tear-draps fell on the fever'd cheek
 As she smooth'd the sunny hair
 Wi' the wealth o' a mither's love.
 "O Faither!" she prayed, "spare me my bairn,
 This flo'er o' our ain wee hame,
 An' we will cherish this gift frae Thee,
 An' tent it aye wi' a watchfu' e'e,
 An' teach it to lisp Thy name.

"O! think o' the faither wi' waefu' heart,
 That toils frae the morn till nicht.
 O! think o' the pain that a mither kens,
 An' the sorrow that she has seen
 In the days that hae lang gane by.
 Gi'e us Thy love, and grant that we
 May kneel in the after years
 At Thy dear feet, at the mercy-seat
 An' hear Thy words sae soft an' sweet—
 'I will wipe away thy tears.' "

But death cam' ben wi' a ruthless han',
 An' quenched the flickerin' flame;
 The faither's face was set an' grey,
 An' the dew-damp stood on his broo,
 For his heart was sae torn wi' pain.
 The mither whispered, "For evermair,
 My heart will be hard as stane;
 For God has turned frae me this nicht—
 The God o' Life, an' the Lord o' Licht,
 Wadna spare me my last wee wean."





THE BELL ON THE BAR.


A LEGEND OF ST. MARY'S ISLE.

WHERE Dee's dark rolling flood is stemmed
By Solway's rushing tide,
Near where the 'Ross' above the wave
Stands in its lonely pride,

'Tis said that ere the Norman foe
Set foot on English soil,
A chapel stood upon a rock
Beside St. Mary's Isle.

When Sol would shed his golden rays
Upon the placid sea,
Its shining bosom like a type
Of sweet serenity.

The chapel bell, with silvery tones,
Pealed on the summer air,
And told to all the country-side
The hour for morning prayer.



Or when the purple-clouded west
 Was all aglow with gold,
 Its dulcet tones upon the breeze
 With silvery cadence rolled ;

And, sweet-voiced, told the vesper hour,
 When all should bend the knee,
 And breathe to heaven the evening prayer
 In deep humility.

And when the fierce breath of the storm
 Would lash the sea to foam,
 Upon the mighty unseen wings
 Its clear, sweet voice would come.

When on the calm of Sabbath morn—
 That peaceful hallowed hour.
 When wearied 'labour' folds her hands
 To feel rest's soothing power—

From far and near, from hill and dale,
 From every shady glen,
 From cot and hall came lord and thrall,
 Young maids and aged men,

To count their beads, and humbly kneel
 Before the sainted shrine,
 And from all error be absolved
 By agency divine.

And with the throng to worship came
 Fair Mary of the Isle—
 A beauteous flower, whose tender heart
 Was pure and free from guile.

Her sweet face bore the roseate hue
 Of dawn of summer morn,
 And wreaths of tawny auburn curls
 Her fair white brow adorned.

Her form was agile as the fawn
 That roamed the forest wide,
 And many a noble youth would fain
 Have woo'd her for his bride.

But there was one she met at e'en
 Beneath the greenwood tree,
 And though he wore the monkish garb,
 At heart no monk was he.

They dreamt their sweet, pure dream of love,
 That love whose mate is truth,
 Who binds within his silken chains
 The hearts of buoyant youth.

They loved, and thought no other knew
 The secret of their soul;
 They dreamt not of a fiendish face,
 Beneath a monkish cowl,

That oft-times through the foliage green
Would peer with vengeful eye,
And vow with curses deep as death
That this fair youth would die.

Deep in Blackmora's sombre shade,
In humble hallowed cell,
Beneath a great umbrageous oak
Two holy men did dwell.

They chanted prayers at morn and eve,
Where Solway's surges swell
Around the chapel on the 'Bar,'
And rung the sweet-voiced bell.

One was of stature tall ; his hair
Black as the shades of night,
And in his deep eye ever burned
A wild, fierce, restless light.

He trod the earth with swinging stride,
With measured step and slow ;
His arms were long, his hands were large,
His voice was harsh and low.

The other, tall and lithe of frame ;
His eye was clear and blue ;
His cheeks were ruddy, and his lips
Like rosebuds wet with dew.

And from beneath his monkish cowl
Would steal a tress of gold ;
His voice would ring out deep and clear,
Whene'er his beads he told.


One night, when wild winds swept the waves
In wrath upon the shore,
They went to ring the vesper bell
As oft they'd done before.

The lightning came with fitful glare
Athwart the murky sky,
The wind wailed through the bending trees,
The tide ran swift and high.

Upon the point their barque was moored
Safe from the seething flood,
And sheltered from the angry winds
By the o'erhanging wood.

They stepped into the fragile boat,
Pushed outward from the shore,
They went to ring the vesper bell,
But came back nevermore.

The fair young monk pulling at the stroke,
The dark one at the prow—
His eyes beamed with a fiendish light,
Dark shadows on his brow.



He stood a moment in the boat,
 His oar poised high in air,
 Then down it came with murderous crash
 Upon the golden hair

Of him who unsuspecting sat,
 And fondly dreamt the while
 Of her he loved with all his soul—
 Fair Mary of the Isle.

Without a sound, without a sign,
 He sank upon the rail ;
 No moan nor cry of suffering came
 Upon the increasing gale.

The murderer raised his victim up
 To cast him in the flood,
 And hide for aye beneath the wave
 This heartless deed of blood ;

And as he cast the lifeless form
 Into the surging sea,
 A great wave struck the shivering craft,
 And heeled it to the lee.

The black monk staggered with the shock—
 No power on earth could save—
 And with his victim down he went
 Beneath the angry wave.

Fair Mary of the Isle had seen
 The frail barque leave the shore,
 She feared the battle of the waves,
 She feared the tempest's roar ;

She saw how well the little skiff
 Could breast the heaving flood,
 She witnessed, while her heart stood still,
 The awful deed of blood.

'My love is dead,' she loudly wailed,
 'Lost to the world and me ;
 But we will sleep where pearls lie deep
 Beneath the Solway sea.'

Then came an agonizing cry
 That pierced the struggling air,
 And rang throughout the darkening woods
 With echoes of despair.

And ere the wild cry died away
 Upon the wailing blast,
 Into the foaming, seething flood
 Her sylph-like form she cast.

The chapel bell began to ring,
 And ever at this hour
 In after years its voice was heard,
 Tuned by some unseen power.

But Time's destroying hand has swept
 The chapel walls away,
 But still the rock on which it stood
 Is seen even to this day.

'Tis said that when the summer breeze
 Sleeps on the distant hill,
 That sailors crossing o'er the Bar
 Can hear it ringing still.

WHEN AUTUMN LEAVES WERE FA'IN'.

I'VE wan'er'd by the windin' Dee,
 When simmer flo'ers were springin',
 An' O! my heart was fain to hear
 The lintie sweetly singin'.
 The lift was clear an' bricht and blue,
 The simmer winds were sighin',
 While ower the river's tranquil breast
 The swallows swift were flyin'.

For then 'twas near the trystin' hour
 Wi' thee, my winsome Jessie,
 Could dool an' sorrow took to flicht
 When wi' my ain dear lassie.

For O! she was sae dear to me,
 Sae gentle an' sae bonnie ;
 A jewel rare she gie'd to me
 She wadna gi'en to ony.

Her heart was mine, an' mine was her's,
 My warl' was like an Eden ;
 Red rosy health sat on oor cheeks,
 An' mair we werena needin'.
 I pressed her sair to name the day,
 She blushed, an' prayed to tarry ;
 Her " mither noo is unco frail,"
 An' she was " young to marry."

At last she promised to be mine,
 When autumn leaves were fa'in,
 When nichts grew lang an' days were short,
 An' snell-breathed win's were blawin'.

.

I'm stan'in' by the windin' Dee,
 Wha's floods are darkly ragin' ;
 But no' sae wildly as the war
 My troubled soul is wagin'.
 The trees are leafless noo an' bare,
 The flo'ers are deid an' dyin' ;
 An' there in Tongland auld kirkyaird
 My Jessie dear is lyin'.



The blush-rose fled frae aff her cheek
 When autumn leaves were fa'in',
An' she is low aneath the yird
 When wintry win's are blawin'.
 Sae noo I'm left my leefu' lane
 To mourn my winsome marrow,
 To tread the weary maze of life,
 My heart bowed down wi' sorrow.

But brichter days an' brichter skies
 Will come to us, my lassie ;
When far ayont Death's sullen stream
 I'll meet my ain sweet Jessie.





THE CREATION.

From the point of view of science Theism is the doctrine of a mighty, ever-energizing will-force at the back of all the pageantry of phenomena that pass before the eye, the Physicist leads us up by the wonderful way of science to know how heat, and light, and electricity, magnetism and gravitation, and all other elemental forms of force, are in form only multiplex, in essence absolutely one, passing from form to form, even as the water in a round vessel may be poured into one that is square, changing its form from globular to cubic, yet remains absolutely the same in substance and quantity, and the Theist meets the Physicist, and answers, "Yes, it is even so, all force is truly one; for all force is no other in the last resort than the living power of God thrilling through the universe of earth, and the shaping of all things by the Almighty will."—R. A. ARMSTRONG.

I.

ELOHIM—

THAT mighty Being, whose eternal power
In magnitude transcends the infinity of space
As doth the light of day's refulgent orb
Excel the sickly ray of the glow-worm's lamp.
Within whose palm the circling systems roll
Through untold ages, and at whose command
Heaven's vast seraphic hosts move in obedience,
And even worlds spring into teeming life;
Who sits enthroned amid the countless spheres,
And makes the elements subservient to His will—
Said, ere time was, 'Let Us create a world.'

II.

Then out o'er heaven's vast shimmering plains
 The mighty fiat rang,
 Resounding through the wide expanse of space,
 Till countless planets in their orbits trembled,
 And prehistoric nature heaved in labour sore ;
 Dark chaos moved even to its very depths,
 And writhed and swayed as if in mortal pain,
 While from its deep, dark bosom came
 Loud thunderings, like the crash of myriad worlds ;
 The surging waters heaved and foamed amain :
 Jehovah's spirit, moving on their face,
 Cleft their dark bosom with His mighty arm,
 And from their depths brought forth the infant world.

III.

Still Darkness brooded o'er the mighty deep
 Till God adorned her with a sable crown
 And robes of deepest hue, and called her ' Night ;'
 Then bade her fly from off the Earth's young face—
 As did the powers of hell before the hosts of heaven.

IV.

Then Light's pure rays fell on earth's virgin face,
 And her God, clad in robes of brightest hue,
 Placed on her brow a crown of sparkling gold
 And called her ' Day,' that she might ever reign
 In His bright presence 'fore the great white throne.

V.

The bright blue firmament He spread
 Veil-like before His empyrean home,
 In which He hung those myriad starry gems
 Like sparkling jewels in Jehovah's crown ;
 Where Phœbus in his sapphire chariot rolled,
 When night's pale orb had hid her face from man,
 Where seas suspended laved their azure shores,
 And hid from earth the beauteous face of heaven.

VI.

Back from the dry land rushed the surging floods,
 To form the ocean's seas and glassy lakes ;
 And rivers flowing from the upland heights,
 Like streaks of silver to their native seas.

VII.

Then o'er the earth, at Elohim's command,
 Sprang forth in beauty every emerald blade,
 The herb, prolific, yielding plenteous seed,
 And every tree (its seed within itself)
 Was moved to life to bear fruit of its kind ;
 And o'er the earth arose the sylvan glades,
 Bedecked with flowers whose perfume sweet and pure
 Was wafted high even to the gates of heaven
 In thanks to God for His creative power.

VIII.

Then swift across the azure vault of heaven

From morning's womb forth sped the orb of day
 With his bright beam to cheer the virgin soil,
 Imparting life to every herb and flower
 That sprang exultant 'neath His genial smile;
 And on the face of all the wide expanse
 Of trackless ocean fell his golden sheen,
 Tipping the dancing wave with rainbow hues,
 And drinking from unfathomable depths
 Deep draughts of nectar which anon would come
 In showers refreshing to the thirsty earth;
 Or brightening up the placid mountain lake,
 On whose calm bosom towering cliffs are seen
 Reflected in their grandeur far below.
 And when into the chambers of the west
 He swept in glory down heaven's darkening arch,
 Arose that orb Jehovah's power designed
 Should rule the dark-robed spirits of the night,
 Sailing across the deep ethereal blue,
 Attended by a host of sparkling stars,
 Adding more lustre to her glittering train,
 Bathing the mountain tops in silvery sheen,
 As if their peaks—high towering to the skies—
 Were crowned with wreaths of everlasting snow.

IX.

Then in the mighty ocean's fecund depths
 Sprang into teeming life the finny tribes,
 In numbers countless as the stars of heaven;

Some great leviathans, whose ponderous strength
 Lashed the great waters into seething foam ;
 Others so small that man's far-seeing eye
 Can never trace them on earth's mighty plan.

X.

At God's command the eagle circling swept
 Into his eyrie on the towering cliff ;
 And on the shelving rocks beside the sea
 Were perched the sea-birds in security ;
 Cleaving the ambient air 'twixt earth and heaven
 Were swift-winged creatures, yet without a name ;
 And songsters sweet, with plumes of varied hues,
 Flitted from bough to bough while trilling forth
 With quivering throats, tuned by omniscient hand,
 Those soft, sweet warblings, mighty in their power.

XI.

Anon the earth teems with all creeping things.
 The cattle low upon the verdant hills,
 The fleecy sheep bleat on the emerald plains,
 The antlered deer bound through the sylvan shade,
 O'er the wide plain careers the unfettered steed,
 The lion roars within his forest home,
 And through the wilds the stealthy panthers roam,
 The jackal's cry is heard in shades of night,
 And great leviathans, beneath whose thundering tread
 The young earth trembles, and whose deafening roar
 Echoes away far o'er the distant hills.

XII.

ELOHIM said—

Let Us make man, even in Our image bright,
 The masterpiece of Our creative power,
 That o'er all things within the earth and sea
 Power and dominion he may ever have.
 Then from earth's womb God's noblest creature sprang,
 The fairest form that crowned the infant world,
 Next to the angels, nearer even to God
 Than that great power which for presumption He
 Had hurled from off the battlements of heaven.
 And in His power God breathed within him life,
 And man became a breathing, living soul—
 The fairest creature on earth's wide domain,
 Stood then immaculate as virgin snow.

XIII.

Then Nature raised her voice of loftiest praise,
 Re-echoing o'er innumerable spheres,
 Ascending in sweet melody to Him
 Who sits in majesty upon the great white throne,
 Gazing upon His handiwork sublime;
 While all creation, heaven and earth and sea,
 Resounded with His voice pronouncing all things good.
 Then higher swelled the angelic song of praise
 From hosts of heaven and creatures of the earth—
 Glory to Him who was and e'er shall be,
 The Architect and Builder of a world.



THE SANGS O' YARROW.

MY soul gangs doon the gatherin' years
O' trial, care, an' sorrow,
To thae auld days my mither sang
The pure sweet sangs o' Yarrow.

When in my infant years I lay
In waukrife moments tossin',
When sense o' soun' was only sma',
An' ilka thing was crossin',

My mither lulled me aft to sleep,
An' soothed my bairnhood's sorrow,
Or brocht a smile to chase a tear
Wi' thae auld sangs o' Yarrow.

When gloamin' crep' oot ower the hill,
An' starnies bricht were keekin',
I hameward hied frae oot the dens,
My mither's shelter seekin'.

Then she wad tak' me on her knee,
Fu' hopefu' o' the morrow,
An' cheer me wi' the dear auld lays—
The thrilling sangs o' Yarrow.

I've listened to the classic stream
 In monody entrancin',
 An' watched the crystal wavelets loup
 To kiss the sunbeams dancin'.

Like fairy licht amang the boughs
 That woo the limpid waters,
 That sip o' dewdrops bricht and sweet,
 An' fair as Scotland's daughters.

I've lingered in the hawthorn shade
 To meet my winsome marrow,
 An' lilted wi' a heart o' love
 The dear auld sangs o' Yarrow.

I've met grim death on tented fiel',
 I've seen him on the ocean,
 But Yarrow an' its pure, sweet lays—
 A Scottish heart's devotion.

To hame an' country far awa'
 Were strength in hour o' danger,
 An' gi'ed fresh courage, firm an' true,
 Made creepin' fear a stranger.

Noo in the days when bygane years
 Fa' like the mists o' ages,
 When han's are feckless, paws are grey,
 An' thochts are thochts o' sages.

When mither sleeps aneath the swaird
Beside her faithfu' marrow,
In eild I sing to toddlin' bairns
The choicest sangs o' Yarrow.

O' Yarrow braes an' Yarrow glens,
An' that fair classic river
That croons its ain sweet flowing sang,
For ever an' for ever.

Hoo far abune the changin' years,
Abune the din an' sorrow,
Come clearly in the hours o' eild,
The pure sweet sangs o' Yarrow.





FRESH FLOWERS FOR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FRESH flowers for mother's grave,
Dewy and sweet,
A wreath for the head, and a cross for the feet ;
Fresh flowers for mother's grave,
Dewy and sweet,
Up in ' God's Acre,' where silently sleep
Loved ones for whom many tender hearts weep.
Where the yew and the cypress and willow trees wave
A fair maiden knelt by a newly-made grave.
A teardrop stood in her soft blue eye,
Like the ether bright of the summer sky ;
Sweet was the song of the bird on the spray,
Softly the zephyrs breathed, seeming to say—


Fresh flowers for mother's grave,
Dewy and sweet,
A wreath for the head, and a cross for the feet ;
Fresh flowers for mother's grave,
Dewy and sweet.
Roses as white as the pure drifting snow,
Such as she loved in the dead long ago ;

Crimson-tipped daisy and bonnie bluebell,
 Circled with sprays of the fair immortelle;
 Lilies and pansies, and fresh orange bloom,
 Decking so sweetly the gates of the tomb;
 Blending their fragrance with soft tender sigh,
 Incense-like rising together on high.

Fresh flowers for mother's grave,
 Dewy and sweet,
 A wreath for the head, and a cross for the feet;
 Fresh flowers for mother's grave,
 Dewy and sweet.

The red setting sun sent a rich flood of gold
 Over the tombstones, so hoary and old,
 Bathing the scene in its soft mellow light;
 While up from the east crept the shadows of night,
 Up from the village came sounds of mirth,
 Joy 'mid the toils and the tears of earth,
 And the merry sweet notes of the roundelay
 That the maidens sang at the close of day.

Fresh flowers for mother's grave,
 Dewy and sweet,
 A wreath for the head, and a cross for the feet;
 Fresh flowers for mother's grave,
 Dewy and sweet.
 She gazed away to her childhood years,
 Through the blinding mist of her gathering tears;



The voice of her mother she heard again,
 As it seemed to join in the sweet refrain ;
 Up from the past came her rich pure song,
 Like the thrilling chant of the seraph throng—
 Ringing along through the change of time
 With a pure sweet rhythm and a musical rhyme.

FORFOCHEN.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

HOCH, wow ! I'm unco dune the nicht,
 My puir auld banes are achin' ;
 For week on week it's aye the same—
 House-cleanin', washin', bakin'.
 Aye, frae the very sraich o' day
 Till nicht's dark shades are fa'in',
 A body in a hoose like this
 Maun ilka day keep ca'in'.
 Thae bairns are just a woman's wark
 To keep them clean an' tidy ;
 For, men' their duds on Monday morn
 They'd flee like kites by Friday.

Jock winna bide a shae nor clog
 On's gutty-perky feety;
 He naps his taes an' peels his heels—
 He's ever on the greeety.
 He'll stan' for lang upon his heid
 Again the kirkyaird pailin';
 He laughs an' jumps, for what cares he
 For a' his mither's railin'.
 But faith, there's no' a feller loon
 At coontin', psalm, or carritch;
 But tent ye this, he's feller still
 At sowens or at parritch.
 He'll aiblins be a man some day,
 A fine big strappin' fallah,
 As lish an' yal as ony deer
 That roams through Acturmalla.

An' Tam's an unco gleg wee cheil,
 A rummlin' wee peelreestie;
 Where mischief is he's to the fore
 Fu' pawky an' fu' creesty.
 Aye, mony a time I get a gloff,
 When simmer's sun is shinin'
 He's to the dookin' in the Dee,
 On shiverin'-bites a-dinin'.
 'Twas but this very afternoon
 Hame cam' the limb in tatters,

An' bibbled oot, his bannet
 An' his coat were doon the water.
 Och, och, anee! just see thae breeks,
 Sae dirty, ragg'd, an' torn;
 If he had on his Sunday pair
 They'd be as bad the morn.
 But kindly is the bairnie's heart,
 An' weel he lo'es his mither;
 'Tis but his thochtless darin' tricks
 That put me in a swither.

There's Alick, lean an' lanky loon,
 Ye fairly can see through him;
 'Twad tak' them to be early up
 Whae'er micht think to jew him.
 The fundamental o' his breeks
 Need to be mended nichtly,
 But ere he gaed to bed the nicht
 He link'd it raither sprichtly.
 Oor auld half-dizzen-leggit tawse,
 Whilk whacked a generation,
 Hae influence on the conduct,
 An' inspireth veneration.
 They warpled roun' his lanky shanks
 Like snakes aroon' 'Laocoon';
 He lay an' grat a roun' soun' hour,
 An' kept the hale hoose wakin'.

He plays at peeries, papes, an' bools,
 An' aye he cries he's losin';
 He cuts the buttons aff his breeks
 For pitchin' an' for tossin'.
 He'll be worth routh o' gear some day,
 For noo the gate he's pavin';
 For ilka braw bawbee he gets
 He pops it in the 'Savin'.
 He wins his bools, swaps them for birse,
 An' sells it to the ragman;
 He says he's savin' for the day
 He sets up as a bagman.

Wee Katie, steerin' limmer, she
 Ramps on frae morn to e'en;
 She dirties daidlies three a day—
 Sic wark was never seen.
 She howks the gutters huntin' preens,
 Mak's tairts an' pies o' glaur;
 But slap an' dad her as I like,
 It only mak's her waur.
 She'll come wi' laughter in her e'e,
 An' face as black's your hat;
 'Twas but the ither day she boiled
 Her wax doll in the pat.
 She got a bowl to dish the broo,
 An' smashed it on the floor;

But e'er I'd time to draw my braith
 She aff oot o' the door.
 An' e'er the limmer comes again
 My ire has brunt awa';
 An' aye she laughs an' lilts as if
 She ne'er did wrang ava.

An' Dotty, in her cradley-ba,
 Is mammie's bonny bairnie;
 An' muckle better than the lave
 I e'en maun try to learn ye.
 Bless its wee bonny rosy face!
 Its mammie's deedley-dumplin';
 Though aft ye rug your daddie's heid,
 An' my guid mutch be crumplin';
 Though aft ye kink an' skirl like mad,
 An' laird it ower the hailwur,
 You're dear to mammie an' to dad,
 Oor ain wee peetly pailwur.

Ah, sirs! though wrocht an' focht a' day,
 Wi' mendin' duds an' washin',
 Wi' makin' brose for hungry tykes,
 Admonishin' an' threshin'.
 I'm fain, fu' fain, to see their heids
 Laid saftly doon in slumber:
 They're safe frae hunger an' frae cauld,
 An' dangers oot o' number.

They'd better fyle their wylie coats,
 An' fecht me wi' their prankets,
 Than that their faces pinched wi' pain
 Should peer frae 'mang the blankets.
 Far better heaps o' broken bowls,
 An' breeks an' frocks in tatters,
 Than doctor's boluses an' pills,
 An' fluids o' mineral waters.
 An' as I smooth their curly pows,
 Like wreaths o' gowden glory,
 While gazin' through the comin' years,
 Methinks I hear a story
 That tells o' dangers far awa'
 On the warl's great fiel' o' battle;
 Hoo vice is far mair to be feared
 Than cannons' loud death rattle;
 Where pleasure's paths are apt to lead
 Astray the young wayfarer,
 Wha fainly in the fleetin' show
 Aye strives to be a sharer.
 But a' my toils an' a' my cares
 Maun gang to mak them better;
 I'll gaur them grasp the spunk o' life,
 An' leave alane the letter;
 I'll learn them to their brither man
 To reek the haun fu' freenly,
 To raise a beild for weary souls
 Whan warl'y blasts blaw keenly.

For whar on earth a nobler sicht
 Than sympathy seekin' sorrow,
 Or charity that never needs
 Repayment on the morrow.
 But, losh me! there's the midnight hour—
 This looks like early risin';
 Instead o' being snug in bed
 I'm sittin' moralisin'.

KINDNESS.

"The star that lights the path that lies
 Across the wastes of Time."

I SAT upon the hillside when the sun
 Lit up the valley with a golden light,
 And when the heath-bell nodded to the song
 The autumn breeze sent sweetly up the vale.
 The hum of bees, that soothing monotone,
 Came to my sense like balm at eventide;
 My eyelids drooped, my soul dwelt 'mid the dreams
 That have the light of heaven in their gleams.

I saw a figure robed in spotless white,
 Her tresses floating on the whispering wind,

Like streaks of gold that kiss the morning cloud
 When summer lifts her eyelids from her sleep.
 There shone a brightness in her dark grey eye
 That pierced the gloom that lay athwart the life,
 Chasing the shadows, bidding sunshine come
 To gild the darkest corners of the earth.
 And she was moving o'er the wide expanse
 That lay between the cradle and the tomb;
 And mankind knew her, for they turned their hearts
 Godward, because she was the child of Love.

I saw her kneel beside the cradle bed
 And sing the song the angels love to hear—
 Binding the sandals on the tender feet
 That but have touched the pathway to the grave.
 I saw a brightness light her dark grey eye,
 When Friendship set his foot within her gate,
 And the light graceful touch that gave him ease
 Within her portals and within her heart.
 She stooped to lift the fallen when the strife
 Was keenest, and the noonday sun was fierce,
 When the hot breath of selfishness licked up the dew
 That heaven-distilled, fell on the heated earth.
 She bound the bleeding wound, and turned to Pain
 The powerful touch that bade him hence depart—
 Fanned the faint spark into the flame of life
 That might be brighter in another hour.

I saw her stand, meek-eyed, beside the gate
 When Age and Want were going hand in hand—
 Witnessed the heaven-born touch that Nature gives
 To turn the stream of sorrow from the soul
 And she came to me, and her smile was bright—
 So bright that dreams gave way to earth again ;
 But as I lingered on the purple heath
 I felt that God was still in touch with man.

WEE JENNIE.

THERE are bonnie wee flo'ers on the green hill-side,
 Sae fragrant, sae fresh, an' sae fair,
 That gladden the hearts o' the weary an' wae,
 An' sweeten the soft simmer air.

There are ither wee flo'ers that can gladden oor e'en—
 Sweet flo'ers o' the heart an' the hame—
 Wee buds that keek forth in the spring-time o' life,
 An' dee ere we gie them a name.

We had a wee flo'eret as sweet an' as fair
 As ony that blooms on the lea—
 The hue o' the soft blush-rose tinted her cheek,
 An' heaven's ain licht danced in her e'e.

The soft breezes played wi' the bonnie broon curls
 That hung roun' her snawy white broo;
 The hip couldna vie wi' the red o' her lip
 That we fain would be preein' the noo.

She cast a bricht halo aroun' ilka heart,
 Oor happy hame rang wi' her glee;
 Her prattle was pawkie, her wee bairnie's sang
 Was as sweet as the bird's on the tree.

The simmer had gane, an' the autumn had fled,
 An' the snell blasts o' winter had come;
 The hoar frost hung thickly on ilka grass blade,
 An' the wee woodlan' warblers were dumb—

When death stalkit ben to oor ingle ae morn
 A wee 'fore the dawn o' the day,
 An' kissed wi' his cauld lips oor bonnie wee flo'er,
 An' left us an idol o' clay.

The leme o' her beauty shall fa' on oor hearts,
 An' cheer us alang through the years;
 The Hope star shall guide us to meet her again,
 When we ken naither sorrow nor tears.



THE DOMINIE'S DOCHTER.

I MIND unco weel, when a boy at the schuil,
O' a gowden-haired lassie sae winsome an' bonnie;
Her een were as bricht as the blue summer sky,
An' her form, to my een, was mare lo'esome than ony,
I basked in the licht o' her sweet, sunny smile,
I drank in her accents, an angel I thocht her;
I wad gien ilka steek o' my braw Sunday claes
For a blink frae the e'e o' the Dominie's Dochter.

The callants wad envy me aft o' her smile,
An', like cripples on crutches, wad fleech for her
favours;
But at the puir deils she wad lauch a' the while,
An' tell them they never talked naethin' but haivers.
They aft brocht her sweeties, an' skiprapes, an' bools,
But a cairt-lade o' Ophir's bricht gowd wadna boocht
her:

I ken'd aye fu' weel I was formaist o' a',
For I lo'ed an' was lo'ed by the Dominie's Dochter.

But years gaed a tumblin' the slid gait o' time,
An' wrocht their fell changes on ane an' anither;

An' Death's han', as cauld as the snell winter blart,
 Touched the care-furrowed broo o' my puir lammie's
 faither.

Ae nicht by the burnie that brawls doon the glen,
 By the trystin' slae bush for my wife I socht her ;
 She saft on my shooder her gowden' heid laid,
 Sayin' nane else will ere get the Dominie's Dochter.

Sae noo I've a weel-stockit hame o' my ain,
 Wi' horses an' kye, an' a hantle o' siller ;
 I've corn in the fields, an' flocks on the braes,
 An' a score bow o' meal joost new hame frae the
 miller.

But I hae a jewel mair precious than a',
 That's as dear to my heart as the first day I socht her ;
 An' noo I'm the daddy o' fowr bonnie bairns,
 An' they hae for their mither the Dominie's Dochter.





EPISTLE TO A BROTHER BARD.

' MY KIN', RESPECKIT, AN' BELOVED FRIEN',—

WHEN wintry win's souch through the leafless
boughs,

An' mawkins hirple ower the frosty lawn ;
When starnie's twinkle in the blue owerheid,
An' tell o' darklin' hours afore the dawn ;

When Nature dons habiliments o' white,
An' speaks in silent language o' the tomb ;
When mountain burnies cease their cheery sang,
An' ilka warbler o' the grove is dumb ;

When ruddy lowe mak's bien the ingle neuk,
An' sportive kitten gambols on the hearth ;
When blue-e'ed wifie mak's the haudin' bricht,
An' hame—the fairest, dearest spot on earth—

'Tis then I lo'e to sing a sang to thee,
Wha's soul is pregnant wi' poetic fire ;
Wha's heart to Nature's melody is tuned,
Wha's han' can deftly touch the livin' lyre.

'Tis like a blink frae oot the heavenly blue—
 A draucht o' water at the desert spring—
 A lease o' breathin' time within the vale,
 Where fuils grow fat, while bardies idly sing.

To ca' the crack, an' lilt a new-made sang,
 To cheer ilk ither in our mutual toil,
 An' be in future what we aye hae been—
 Twin-brither bardies o' our native soil.

An' muckle need to fan the kin'ly flame
 That yet will melt the thunderbolt o' Jove,
 An' bring thegither ever an' for aye
 Men's hearts within the bonds o' lastin' love.

But, oh! 'tis hard to brook the cynic's sneer,
 An' listen to the warldlin's sage advice;
 To cast the finer feelin's o' the soul,
 For grovellin' ever brings a better price.

That soul, so sensitive that e'en the breath
 O' could adversity mak's shrink within itself,
 Was never made to fecht the warldly war,
 Nor weary till the niggard soil for pelf.

The fuil can lauch in idiotic glee
 At what his soul can never understand',
 Be firm in faith that poesy was born
 Amid the ruins o' the mind o' man.

But *Soul* will yet shake aff this warldly clay,
 An', unencumbered wi' the dross, ascen'
 Where mind is lord, when maitter is nae mair,
 An' *Sang* shall live when warlds are at an en'.

Then muckle need to grasp ilk ither's han'
 An' smooth a wee life's rouch uncertain road,
 To recognise our britherhood on earth,
 An' the great common Faitherhood o' God.

But man forgets his britherhood is man,
 An' sae he e'en maun mak' o' him a slave ;
 An' aft we fin' the serf a lofty soul—
 The lairdly maister but a warldly knave.

The lordlin' dwadles by his leddy's bo'er,
 An' nimbly prances in his silken shoon ;
 A scented drone in this great teeming hive,
 Useless on earth—an' what in heaven aboon ?

But hear the sang, the ringin' stithy sings,
 The cheery note the ploughboy liltis at e'en,
 When 'neath the shadow o' the snawy thorn
 He sits beside his bonnie lassie, Jean.

His darg is dune, an' by his usefu' toil
 He earns his duds, his brose, an' peace o' min' ;
 He justifies his place upon the soil,
 An' leaves the scented warldlin' far behin'.

That Michty Han' that gied this earth a place
 Amid the myriad spheres within His plan,
 Ne'er left his noblest work—his counterpart—
 To be the puppet o' his fellow man.

But *Micht is Richt*, an' Justice sheds a tear
 That trickles doon to rust her shinin' blade;
Micht kicks her balance, an' her heart is sair
 To hear the laws that man for man has made.

Aye may ye rank upon the side o' truth—
 The patriot an' the poet's soul be thine;
 Thy sang to cheer man on to nobler aims,
 Thy patriotism that o' human kin'.

Lang may ye lilt your native hame-spun lays,
 That ring wi' music o' the human heart;
 May kin' heaven grant ye length o' happy days,
 An' po'er to weel sustain the bardie's pairt.

An' when the shadow on the dial stane
 Touches the line that marks the earth frae hame,
 Yours be the record o' the nobler life,
 But not to pass away without a name.



SWEET JESSIE GLEN.

O' a' the braw lasses inside o' my ken,
There's no' ane amang them like sweet Jessie
Glen!

Her bonnie bricht een, like the ether sae blue,
Hae won her the heart o' the bravest an' true.

Her movements sae gracefu' wad vie wi' the fawn,
An' the smile on her face is as bricht as the dawn;
Her voice like the lintie's sweet note on the tree,
An' her cheek bloomin' fresh as the flower on the lea.

The Laird o' Glentocher wi' siller an' lan',
Thocht he'd naething adae but to ax for her han';
His back it was bent, ay, as roon' as a bow,
An' the body had scarcely a hair on his pow.

His auld shrivelled shins did na fill up his hose,
An' wine had artistic'ly tinted his nose;
His mou' he had ta'en on an annual lease,
While his een blink'd like deein' dips soomin' in grease.

The Laird he cam' doon in his best cockit hat,
 A' pouthered an' scented wi' guidness kens what ;
 On his auld bunion'd feet he had fine silken shoon,
 Wi' buckles o' siller as bricht as the moon.

He smirkit an' scrapit an' bow'd to the floor,
 An' vowed he'd ne'er seen sic a lassie before ;
 That her sweet charms had got his auld heart in a thra',
 An' he'd mak' her the leddy o' Glentocher Ha'.

He blaw'd o' his sheep, o' his horses an' kye,
 O' his fine muckle Ha', an' his siller forbye ;
 He said he wad dress her an' busk her fu' braw,
 While on her he'd no' let the win' rudely blaw.

Sae doon he gaed slump on his auld skinny knees,
 While he sent forth a sugh like a stiff norlan' breeze ;
 He promised her jewels an' gowd withoot en',
 But a' couldna win ower my ain Jessie Glen.

Jessie's sweet, rippling laugh, like a clear siller bell,
 Fell on the Laird's ear like a funeral knell ;
 Wi' wrigglin' an' twistin' he gat to his feet,
 But the effort it cost gar'd the auld body greet.

"Laird Glentocher," quo' Jessie, "ye aiblins nicht ken,
 That twenty is nae match for threescore an' ten ;
 Gang hame to your big Ha' an' come nae mair here,
 But look for a lassie to marry your gear."

“ Ad zoons !” quo’ the laird, “ do my senses deceive ?”
 “ No’ at a’, sir,” quo’ Jessie, “ sae pray tak’ your leave.
 Ye’ll sune fin’ some lassie to marry your pel’,
 But feint ane amang them wad marry yoursel’.”

The Laird wiped his een, gied his nose a lood blaw,
 Ca’d Jessie the sauciest jade he e’er saw ;
 An’ shakin’ his skinny neive swore sic an aith—
 Sae lood, deep, an’ lang—’t nicht hae sunken them
 baith.

He still gangs aboot in his auld donnert way,
 Getting cross an’ mair crabbit, aye day after day.
 He spent his life’s noonday in strachlin’ for gear,
 An’ noo in the gloamin’ he’s nae ane to cheer.

Sweet Jessie’s my wife, an’ frae mornin’ till e’en
 She’s as blythe as a lark, an’ as spruce as a queen ;
 In oor tidy wee cot, wi’ a but an’ a ben,
 I’n as croose as a king wi’ my ain Jessie Glen.





D U T Y.

“WHOUR are ye gaun to, auld Donald Macree?
Whaur are ye gaun to, auld Donald Macree?
The nicht it is cauld,
Ye are feckless an’ auld,
An’ it wad be blyther to stay here wi’ me.
The gate it is dreary,
An’ ye’re unco weary,
Sae, come stay a’ nicht wi’ me, Donald Macree.”

“I canna bide wi’ ye, brave Ronald Macbain,
I canna bide wi’ ye, brave Ronald Macbain.
The nicht may be cauld,
I’m no’ feckless an’ auld,
There is strength in my limbs, ay, an’ licht in my e’e,
There are loving hearts langin’,
Sae I maun be gangin’,
But ye hae the blessin’ o’ Donald Macree.”

“The win’s souchin’ eerily, Donald Macree,
The win’s souchin’ eerily, Donald Macree,
The storm croons the mountain,
Glendruaich’s dark fountain

Is singin' a death sang to you an' to me;
 The thunder is pealin',
 Come ben to my shielan,
 An' bide a' nicht wi' me, guid Donald Macree."

"The storm has nae dreid for me, Ronald Macbain,
 The storm has nae dreid for me, Ronald Macbain.
 My guid leddy's beauty,
 An' sense o' my duty,
 Wad carry me safely owre muirlan' an' lea;
 I'll gang as I'm bidden
 To whaur her love's hidden,
 Or foul wad befa' faithless Donald Macree."

"Gang back to yer leddy, brave Donald Macree,
 Gang back to yer leddy, brave Donald Macree;
 An' tell her her Charlie
 Pines for her fu' sairly,
 An' oh! hoo he langs for a blink o' her e'e;
 But scale nae the mountain,
 When Glendruaich's fountain
 Is singin' the dirge o' brave Donald Macree."


"Should Death stalk beside me, brave Ronald Macbain,
 Should Death stalk beside me, brave Ronald Macbain:
 I fear na his cauld han'—
 What is't to an auld man,

Whase honour is dear as the star o' his e'e ?
 The guid God will guide me,
 Nae ill will betide me ;
 What's death to dishonour wi' Donald Macree ?"

" Then I will gang wi' ye, brave Donald Macree,
 Then I will gang wi' ye, brave Donald Macree.
 I'll cheer ye an' guide ye,
 An' aye be beside ye,
 I'll trace ilka footstep ower mountain an' lea ;
 I'm strong to defend ye,
 To succour or tend ye,
 Sae let me gang wi' ye, brave Donald Macree."

" Ye maunna gang wi' me, brave Ronald Macbain,
 Ye maunna gang wi' me, brave Ronald Macbain.
 I fear na the mountain,
 Nor Glendruaich's fountain,
 An' I will be back in the blink o' an e'e ;
 I'll wrap my plaid roon' me,
 Nae deil will confoun' me,
 The're bauld that are braver than Donald Macree."

A cauld sheet is coverin' brave Donald Macree,
 A snawy sheet's coverin' brave Donald Macree.
 High up on the mountain,
 By Glendruaich's fountain,



Could death gripp'd his heart an' bedimm'd his dark e'e.
 His last words were, "Duty,"
 "My fair leddy's beauty,"
 An' Heaven claim'd the spirit o' Donald Macree.

ROBIN AND MARY.

STANDING there at the cottage gateway,
 Rosy and fair as a flower in May—
 Eyes as blue as the sky in spring time,
 Smiling bright as a summer day.
 Over her brow hang the silken tresses—
 Bright as the beams of the noonday sun.
 Falling lightly over her shoulders,
 Red cheeks dimpled with laughing fun.
 O! but her heart is beating quickly,
 Robin comes through the sorrel mead—
 No! she does not care to see him;
 No! she never could take heed
 Of such a great big stalwart fellow,
 Deeply in love and sighing sore.
 So she quickly leaves the gateway—
 Quickly seeking the cottage door.
 But she is watching through the lattice,
 Almost hid in the roses' bloom,

Quicker and quicker her heart is beating,
 "My! O why doesn't Robin come?
 Ah! he is there, the stupid fellow,
 Never thinking to close the gate;
 O! now I know what he has come for—
 Come to-night to know his fate."
 There is a step both bold and firm,
 Sounding loud on the threshold stone—
 Mary is thinking that stupid Robin
 Ever was and is her own.
 Long his great heart she'd been troubling,
 Turning deaf ears to his love,
 Thinking that through shine and shadow
 He would ever constant prove.
 "Mary," stupid Robin whispered,
 As he sat down on her father's chair,
 Laid his hat on the polished fender,
 Slowly smoothing his curly hair,
 "I ha' thocht thee olus careless—
 Never minded a rap for us;
 So I aint to be awaiting,
 Nor I beant to make a fuss,
 Never would come through the meadow,
 Never be giving a chap a bus.
 Didn't care a good round tatie
 Whether I e'er could sink or swim;
 And your eyes were olus saying,
 'Who would be going to marry him?'

Though you knowed how well I loved you,
Yet you would never smile on me ;
Didn't seem as you were caring,
So I am going away to see——.”
Mary blushed, the teardrops started,
Now she is hanging her sunny head,
And she is feeling, if Robin leaves her,
That she will very soon be dead.
“Going to sea !” the deep sob choked her,
As she on Robin's bosom fell ;
Robin smiling bravely kissed her,
Happier far than he ere could tell.
“O ! will you never leave me, Robin ?”
Mary pleaded so tearfully ;
“I would die, love, if you left me,
If you went away to sea.”
“Yes, thou knows, I must be going,
Though this 'ere's such a jolly feast,
So, my Mary, I musn't tarry,
I'm going away to see——the priest.”





TWA WEDDIN'S.

THE lav'rock liltit in the lift
At dawnin' o' the morn;
The reaper's sang cam' sweetly up
Frae 'mang the yellow corn!
The east was touched wi' rosy blush,
An' Nature smiled fu' gay;
The earth was glad, an' I was fain—
It was my weddin' day.

My Peggie's grace, my Peggie's face,
Her form sae lithe an' fair;
Her fay-like gait, her looks sae blate,
Her glossy, gowden hair,
Were a' a warl' o' wealth to me—
But hoo, I couldna say—
My heart was unco fou' o' dread—
It was my weddin' day.

The lads an' lasses tripped the swaird,
The flowin' cup gaed roun',
An' music lent a charm to a'
The beauties o' the toon.

My Peggie blushed, an' I was fain,
 I seemed frae earth away;
 I couldna steer, my heid was queer—
 It was my weddin' day.

But fifty towmonds noo hae gane,
 We're in the grip o' eild,
 My Peg has gi'en me lasses three,
 An' ae big strappin' chield.
 We've dang the cobwabs frae oor life,
 An' noo we're turnin' grey;
 But strong an' yall, an' fait to hail
 Oor gowden weddin' day.

Oor bairnie's bairns come roun' oor knee,
 An' ilka gouden pow
 Brings thochts o' days noo far awa'
 To set oor hearts alowe.
 Though auld we can be young again,
 E'en in the gloamin' grey,
 For we can hail richt cheerily
 Oor gowden weddin' day.



MOUCHIN' JOE.

STEADY, Joe, steady ! it's only a mile
Till you comes to a skipper among the hay,
Where you often have dossed on that fragrant pile,
On the bright breezy hayloft of Farmer Gay ;
But I thinks that this skipper 'll be my last,
For I've pretty well got to my 'kingdom come,'
But no one will mourn for poor old Joe
When the hand of the angel has struck him dumb.

Ah ! there now, I've got it, I feels that I haint
To mouch for a cant o' cold wittles no more ;
I'd like to get on to a different lay
They talks of away on a sunnier shore.
There, there now, I can't stand much coughing like
that,
It's like to be shakin' my poor soul free,
It don't matter much though, how soon I may go,
There's no one on earth that cares tuppence for me.

So now I have got to the long loaning end
That leads from the cradle a-down to the grave ;
But no one can say that I e'er was a sod,
Although I might not be so awfully brave.

We haint all got plucks that can battle with life—
 Just slip and you're kicked to the foot of the hill,
 But try to get up, and it's just like a stretch
 On that institootion, the government mill.

I've had a good share of the ups and the downs
 That comes in the way of a tramp on the road,
 But now that I'm skippered, I'll not make a shine,
 But calmly and quietly lay down my load.
 I see through the mists that are gathering around,
 The darling old homestead of long, long ago,
 The school-house that stands at the end of the green,
 And the old village forge with its bright ruddy glow.

How oft was I thrilled with the throstle's sweet note,
 That rang through the woods on a bright summer
 day,
 As if it was tuned to the old-fashioned song,
 The light-hearted maidens sang making the hay.
 And through the loud din of the rushing of years,
 The song of the brooklet comes fresh to my soul,
 To lend its sweet cadence in death's gloomy hour,
 To the grand organ tones of eternity's roll.

The scent of the flowers in the green woodland glade
 Still comes on the breath of the summer to me;
 In spring time I gathered the gold celandine,
 And crimson-tipped, modest, sweet 'queen of the lea.'

My soul yearns still for a glimpse of the grave
 And the white-painted stone where my parents are
 laid,
 Where the thick leafy boughs of the old linden trees
 Cast over the green sward their soft cooling shade.

I think on the church where the soft mellow light
 Fell soft on the villagers kneeling at prayer,
 Of the roll of the great organ pealing along
 Like voices of thunder a-rending the air.
 I've dreamt of the dance on the old village green,
 When the red sun was sinking away in the west,
 And a sweet voice comes up in the midst of my dreams,
 My young heart still loved as the brightest and best.

I loved her, and thought that the smith's stalwart son
 Might some day be calling fair Hebe his wife ;
 I never could think her aught else but my queen,
 Nor think her a shadow a-crossing my life.
 Altho' 'twas a dream, it was sweet for a time,
 Ay, sweet as the days when fair Eden was young,
 When grief had no home in the hearts of our kind,
 And sweet were the anthems the seraphim sung.

I toiled at the forge, and the anvil would ring,
 And the bright sparks would fly 'neath the stroke
 of my arm,

Whose power would make bread and bring peace to
the home,

And shield all my loved ones from shadow of harm.
The awakening came like the chill of the storm

That breaks o'er the lone, weary wanderer's head,
When he struggles in vain with the fierce, choking
drift,

Till at last with a faint, wailing moan he is dead.

She played with me long as she would with a toy

That sweetens the moments of life's early day,
And then, like a soiled and an old broken thing

That gave her no pleasure, she cast me away ;
And O ! how the sound of the sweet wedding bells

Fell on my poor soul like the crashing of doom,
And all the bright light of my young life went out,
And left round my aching heart nothing but gloom.

I tried to fight with the fearful odds

That rung my heart to its inmost core,
When they came to live their days of love
Across the street from the smithy door.

I saw him come at the fall of even,

From a hardy toil to a welcome rest ;


I heard his kisses upon her cheek,

I saw her head on his deep, broad breast.

I struggled on with an aching heart
For three long years, till I fell at last ;
The glow went out of the smithy fire,
For my arm no longer could wind the blast.
'Twas a summer day, and the soft breeze fell
Like angel kisses upon my brow,
And the sweat drops stood on my grimy cheek,
As the dews of death are standing now.

The anvil rang, and the bright sparks flew,
And loud was the sound of the bellows' roar,
I raised my eyes, a fair child stood
Like a fairy thing at the open door.
'Twas her first child, with a sweet, fair face,
And liquid eyes of a hazel brown ;
Over her brow hung the tawny curls,
Fleecy and soft as the eider down.

'Twas an angel child, and her mother seemed
To gaze from those orbs so liquid bright,
And they sent their radiance through my soul
Like the first faint dawn on chaotic night.
I raised the child in my brawny arms,
And O ! 'twas a moment of heavenly bliss,
When with my hard, parched lips I pressed
On the soft, fair cheek a burning kiss.



The village folks had never a thought
 Of how it came that I went away ;
 And I have never been there again,
 And won't be now—'tis my dying day.
 My throat is parched, and my pulse is slow,
 And the mists of death are before my eyes ;
 I wonder as how I shall find that lay
 They talk of being beyond the skies.

I wonder now, shall I meet her there
 Who cast a gloom o'er my life's young day ?
 I feel that I still can say "Forgiven,"
 That heavenly word, ere I pass away—
 Away from a world that has been to me
 A long, long round of pain and woe ;
 I trust there will be a better lay
 Beyond the river for Moucher Joe.

.

A parson stands by the open grave,
 And he speaks of life on the other side—
 That the struggling ones will find their rest,
 When the Bridegroom comes to claim his Bride.
 There, too, is standing Farmer Gay,
 And the teardrop falls from his kindly eye,
 As he thinks of the poor old weary soul
 That laid so silently down to die.

His little grand-daughter, a fair sweet child,
 Places a wreath on the coffin lid,
 Where the heart is silent for evermore,
 Where the pale and careworn face is hid.
 That face which for ever is free from pain,
 With thought of the far away long ago ;
 And the cold earth closed with a hollow sound
 O'er all that remained of old Moucher Joe.

DADDY.

AN old man, hoary with the years,
 Sat by a cottage door,
 Where clematis and woodbine twine
 As amorous as of yore.

The sky is blue, the fleecy clouds
 Are flecked with tints of gold,
 And Nature's face is bright to-day
 As in the days of old.

The flowers spring brightly at his feet,
 And sweet the even song
 Of birds high up upon the wing,
 And leafy boughs among.

His locks are white upon his brow
All furrowed deep with care,
But honour sits right gloriously
Upon his snowy hair.

His eye is bright with light of love
That mirrors forth his heart,
And this is so because in life
He'd played a noble part.

He loved the birds, he loved the flowers
That brightly deck the sod,
He loved the children, and he knew
The Fatherhood of God.

He never feared to take the lead
Upon the path of right,
Nor did he ever fear to stand
Before the frown of might.

He preached no precept, but his tongue
Was given to words of love;
He was a living truth, whose life
Was in the world above

The sordid fetters binding men
To meaner things of life,
And pointed where he led the way
Into the nobler strife.

Now in the evening of his time,
The sky is flecked with rays
That seem the reflex clearly limned
Of well spent early days.

The fire of love still lights his soul,
His eye is all aglow,
But Nature does not give his limbs
The strength of long ago.

The children gladly gather round,
He smooths their locks of gold,
And tells them many a wondrous tale
Heard in the days of old.

He knows within his heart of hearts
What noblest souls can prove,
That he is poor who ne'er can gain
The wealth of children's love.





CONTENT.

“Heaven upon earth, surrounding toils and tears,
Like the dim shadowings of far-off years.”

“For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then
your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good
and evil.”—GEN. III. 5.

I’VE seen him sit upon the cottage stone
At calm of even, when the summer sun,
In gold and purple, sank beyond the line
That marked the summit of the distant hills.
He heeded not the music of the rills,
Nor the red glamour of the afterglow ;
His soul slept sweetly in his native vale,
Where proud, ambition’s footsteps never rang ;
He toiled for nothing but his daily bread,
And at the fall of even laid him down in peace.

I’ve seen him sit upon the forest verge,
’Neath tropic heat at noonday’s trying hour ;
He knew not whence the red sun came nor went ;
He lived for life, and so he was content
To let the sun sink, even as he might,
Into the sombre regions of the deepest night.

Content will labour on, nor stay to think,
 Through shine and shadow, till the day is done,
 Content will herd in kennels among filth,
 And find a home amid the haunts of sin.

But Knowledge comes to shine upon the gloom.
 But is it darkness? or the light of Heaven
 Broken in upon by shadowings, that bring
 What Knowledge gave to those who ate the fruit
 That God had set His everlasting seal upon.

There is a Spirit to and fro upon the earth,
 Whose potent work is like the iconoclast,
 And murky scales are falling from men's eyes;
 And good and evil now stand side by side
 Before the light that erudition sheds
 Into the dark corners of the tortuous paths
 That run like labyrinths through all men's lives,
 Which shall be chosen, when the knowledge comes,
 That men have preached to minds in darkness set,
 Flashing, as 'twere, before the very eyes,
 A glittering falchion with a deadly sheen.

But sages say, "Content is fruit of Heaven,
 That finds a garner-house in rev'rent souls;"
 Let Knowledge kindle fierce Ambition's brand,
 And hearts, more rev'rent than the sages know,
 Will be ablaze, to cast the clanking chains
 That bind them to the swineherds foetid trough.

Tell "Labour," with his sun-tanned, sinewy arm,
 That there is rest when summer sun is high.
 Anon his soul will long for cooling shade,
 And the sweet rest that he alone can know.
 Give him of Knowledge, and no wherewithal
 To build a tower to look out o'er the world—
 Give eyes to men whose lives are given to lie
 Amid the darkness of the dungeon's gloom,
 And then is sent the dagger-point of Death,
 Into the soul of heaven's own sweet Content.

A WEE BIT KAILYAIRD.

BRAW lasses may brag o' their sprichtly young jo's,
 Wha can dance wi' the airs o' the fay-folk;
 An' sing like the laverock that rises at dawn
 Frae the mead an' the feet o' the hay-folk.
 But I winna boast o' a sprichtly young chiel;
 For o' a' sic daft gowks I'm a scorner,
 But a douce, sober body at oor clachan en',
 Wi' a cosy wee biel' wi' a but an' a ben,
 A bricht cosy biel' wi' a but an' a ben,
 An' a wee bit kailyaird in the corner.

At e'en I gang by when his day's darg is dune,
 When he snods his bit yaird at his leisure;
 An' often he spiers if my granny be weel,
 A question that gi'es muckle pleasure
 His e'e is fu' bricht though his pow's gettin' grey,
 His name is but plain Davie Turner;
 The neibours a' say he's the kin'est o' men;
 But O! that wee biel' wi' the but an' the ben—
 That snug wee bit biel' wi' the but an' the ben,
 An' the weel stock'd kailyaird in the corner.

I canna but won'er he lives by his lane,
 When I'm sic a trig sonsy kimmer;
 But faith! I'll be patient though noo thirty-twa,
 He maybe nicht spier gin the simmer.
 An' should he but ax me, "Will we buckle to?"
 Wad I like to be ca'd Mistress Turner?
 If through life wi' him I could venture to fen',
 In that cosy biel' wi' the but an' the ben—
 That snug wee bit biel' wi' the but an' the ben,
 An' the wee bit kailyaird in the corner.

Do ye think that a woman o' sense like mysel'
 Wad turn a deaf lug to his pleadin'?
 Na! naebody left wi' a nebfu' o' wit
 Wad reject sic a sonsy we steadin'.
 I'll e'en bide a wee, for a wise woman's ways
 May weave a fine gown to adorn her,

An' bring her rejoicin' to oor clachan en',
 A proud-hearted wife to that wee but an' ben—
 That cosy wee biel' wi' a but an' a ben,
 An' a wee bit kailyaird in the corner.

IN MEMORIAM.

AN AMIABLE AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.

THE summer breeze stole on with perfumed breath,
 But from its lips fell whisperings of death,
 The summer sun sank in the glowing west,
 A life went out, a pure soul sought its rest,
 A fitting time at dying of the day
 For youth and sterling worth to pass away,
 When song-birds sweetly chant their evening hymn,
 Full worthy she of such a requiem.
 The snowy 'May' bedecks the hawthorn bough,
 White as the marble of her pulseless brow;
 Like her it lives and blooms but for a day,
 Then dies, and leaves us with the withered spray.
 But on the sacred height where sits enthroned
 Bright 'Memory,' with a beauty all her own,

Gazing along through mists of gathering years,
 On pleasures past, on triumphs, toils, and tears,
 Shall be enshrined the fair familiar face,
 The fragile form, with queen-like airy grace,
 The brightest traits, the gentle word and look,
 The every joy of which her soul partook.

The organ peals along the dim-lit aisle,
 And weans our hearts from worldly strife and care,
 And while we list in rapture to the strains
 We seldom cast a thought towards the player;
 We only know the raptures that we feel
 When music's power doth soothe the troubled mind,
 Nor wot we that we feel the gentle power,
 The influence wielded o'er us by our kind.

Oft have the white, deft fingers touched the chords
 That found their echoes in a thousand hearts,
 When even 'Envy' deigned to wear a smile,
 And ceased to grudge her such transcendant parts.
 A soul refined, atuned to nature's lyre,
 Sent forth a living stream of sweetest sound,
 Kindled in many a heart the latent fire,
 And cheered the weary on their earthly round.
 Methinks I hear those sounds when all is still,
 Like sheep-bells tinkling on the distant hill,
 Or merry music of the mountain rill;

Like peals of laughter when the children play,
 So joyous, clear, then softly die away,
 Like gentle zephyrs at the close of day;
 Now like the voice from out the thunder cloud,
 With distant echoes, nearer, long, and loud;
 Then change again to cadence weird and wild;
 Then like the sighing of a sleeping child.

Up in the silent city on the hill
 The new-made mound shall mark her resting place,
 Where sorrowing ones shall bring the tribute wreath,
 And from the sacred storehouse of the heart
 Give of the abundance of their gratitude.

ONE SUMMER EVE.

I SAT upon the hill-side
 In the summer evening calm,
 And I listened to the songsters
 Chant their pure sweet vesper psalm,

Awakening the echoes
 With their flood of thrilling song,
 While my heart beat to the music
 Of that merry feathered throng.

I heard the mill-wheel plashing
In the burnie's limpid tide,
And the children's ringing laughter
As they sported by its side ;


Bringing once again the mem'ries
Of a far-off happy time,
When my life was like a poem
With a sweet and mirthful rhyme.

The flowerets closed their petals,
Wet with pearly drops of dew,
That hung like priceless jewels
On a robe of richest hue.

I saw the leveret springing
O'er the dew-bejewelled lawn,
To his bed down in the brushwood,
To be up with rosy dawn.

I heard the peacock calling
With his voice so harsh and shrill,
Awakening the echoes
Of the distant beacon hill ;

And the kine came o'er the meadow
To the shade beside the stream,
Where the oak trees spread their branches,
And the silver beeches gleam.



I saw the church spire tow'ring
O'er the tall and stately limes,
And I heard the silvery pealing
Of the sweet-toned evening chimes.

I watched the red sun sinking
To his bed of crimson gold,
And methought that low-voiced thunder
Round the mountain summit rolled.

I heard the curfew ringing
From the old tower on the green,
Which o'er the dark-fringed pine trees
From the hill-side could be seen.

I turned my footsteps homeward
In the red sun's dying light,
And left the beauteous landscape
To the silence and to night.





“FOLLOW ME!”

“FOLLOW me!” through the deep’ning darkness,
 Into the vale of o’erhanging gloom ;
Come with me where the cup is waiting,
 Standing there by the open tomb.
Life is bright and the day is radiant,
 Youth sits lightly on many a brow—
Toil and care for the great and wealthy ;
 Who will come and follow me now ?

Into the town where the teeming thousands
 Know not the wealth of a brother’s love ;
Come where the sick are wearily sighing—
 Sighing for rest in a world above.
Come and give them the balm that healeth—
 Food and drink and the soothing oil ;
Bare your arm, and brave, be helping
 The starving thousands who cannot toil.

Speak the words that are ever welcome—
 Words that tell we are brothers all ;
Who of the myriad sons of Mammon
 Bend their ear to the Master’s call ?

Follow me to the fœtid regions,
 Where there are sorrow, and sin, and crime;
 Telling loudly their hellish numbers,
 Heard o'er the ring of the march of time.

Hunger stalks like a demon, gloating
 Over the haggard and hopeless crowd,
 While away in the glowing distance,
 He lists the mirth and the laughter loud—
 Mirth of those who have known no toiling,
 Neither the sound of the spinning wheel;
 All the care is for old Time's slaughter,
 They have not the heart nor the soul to feel.

"Follow me!" and no one turneth
 A listening ear to the Master's cry,
 Who is caring, and who is heeding
 That thousands should hunger, and droop, and die?
 "Follow me!" still the cry is ringing
 Out o'er the breast of the shimmering sea,
 Echoing far o'er the moor and mountain,
 Coming again, "Wilt thou follow me?"

Life is bright, and the day is glowing;
 Love is sweet, and the earth is fair—
 Pleasure beckons, and men are longing
 To waste their substance on things of air.

“ Follow me !” No ! they are not heeding;
What care they for the earnest cry ?
Life is theirs, and the day is fleeting—
They must live—*ay, and they must die.*

Then, when the shepherd’s voice is ringing
Over the hill and along the stream,
Shall the sound, like far off music,
Come again like an old time dream ?
“ Follow me !” Ye who were faithful,
Gave to the poor one the needed dole ;
Go ! Ye who were Mammon’s children—
Go to the doom of the selfish soul.

THE WORLDLING.

HOW sadly the seabreeze sighs to-night,
While the waves are lapping the sandy shore ;
And the seabird’s cry falls on mine ear,
As my thoughts go back to the days of yore,

When a careless boy on the beach I played,
And gathered the shells from the sounding sea,
Dreaming so sweetly the young life-dream,
That has passed forever away from me.

The storms have raged in their fury oft,
 Since I stood before where I'm standing now;
 For then was the time of my boyhood's years,
 To-night Time's snows are on my brow.

I gaze away o'er the heaving sea,
 As I gaze away o'er my bygone life;
 And I am glad that the twilight falls
 So softly over the prolonged strife.

And why, you will ask, is my heart at ease
 With the shadow of death across my way?
 I have spent my life in toil, and now
 I know of rest at the close of day.

I have toiled, and sorrowed, and sighed, and sinned,
 I have hoped, and feared, and have hoped again;
 I have followed the path that is laid to please,
 And groped my way through the mists of pain.

I have touched the hand of the false and fair,
 And treacherous been to a faithful friend;
 So now when the world is naught to me,
 I wait and watch for the coming end.

I've steeled my soul when the cry of woe
 Came up from the depths of the suffering heart,
 And the cold world taught me to turn away
 With a heedless ear—'twas the better part.

To play when I knew no golden rule,
 Nor heeded the words of the Nazarene ;
 For the voice of the tempter reached my soul,
 " You will pass away as you ne'er had been."

So I toiled for self, and I stand to-night
 Alone on the brink of the unknown land ;
 As I stand on the shore of the restless sea,
 Where the waves are kissing the silvery sand.

No voice to cheer as the shadows fall,
 No loving hands to smooth my way,
 No bright eyes beaming with light of love,
 To lift my soul with their gladsome ray.

And the vision comes of my childhood's hour,
 My boyhood's mate, and my mother dear,
 Who taught me the words of my simple prayer,
 And kissed from my drooping lids the tear.

No wife, no child, no friend have I,
 Save the friend that comes at the ring of gold ;
 But the voice is harsh, and the heart is hard,
 And the touch of the hand is so icy cold—

As cold as the world I am leaving now,
 As cold as the breath of the restless sea ;
 O God ! for the love and the light of life,
 And the hope of eternal peace with Thee.



J O E L S A G A R .

INTRODUCTION.

SIGH the breezes through the lindens,
And the perfume of the roses
Comes upon the light-winged zephyr
Down a fair green country lane.
The goldfinch pipes so sweetly
On the hawthorn in the meadow,
As if the world knew no such thing
As misery and pain.

The fleecy clouds float lightly
Through a sky of purest azure,
And the bright sunbeams are shim'ring
On the sedgy-margined pool.
The great oak trees are casting
Deep dark shadows by the brooklet,
Where the violets are peeping
From the grottos sweet and cool.

Nature wears her summer vesture,
Like a bride decked for the altar,
All unheeding of the morrow,
And the pain of coming years.

For the present all is sunshine,
 Hearts are glad, and strong, and hopeful ;
 Eyes are all alight with pleasure,
 And undimmed with bitter tears.

PART I.

Tripping gaily through the meadow,
 To the measure of the songster
 That is piping forth his music
 On the snowy hawthorn bough.
 Joel Sagar whistles gaily—
 Big, light-hearted Joel Sagar,
 For a bigger, lighter-hearted fellow
 Never held a plough.

Joel's face is swart and manly,
 And his eye is dark and gleaming,
 And a giant's strength is lurking
 In the muscles of his arm.
 He has will, and he is willing,
 As he earns his scanty wages,
 To fight the world's dark ills, and shield
 His cherished ones from harm.

He had never yearned for knowledge
 Of his kind, nor longed for wisdom,
 Such as make men great and mighty
 In this *blessed* land of ours.

No, he thought the Squire all-powerful—
 He was wealthy, he was gouty;
 And the parson was possessed of heaven
 And earth's eternal powers.

He had never read the papers,
 For the reason that he could not,
 And the reason that he could not, was,
 He'd never been to school.
 Of the law he knew but little,
 Save the law that governs skittle;
 And the "feller" that could play that well
 Was never dubbed a fool.

He had loved sweet Netty Harebell,
 Ay, and bravely wooed and won her,
 E'en though Ikey Soomb, the keeper,
 Cut up roughly o'er the job.
 He had conquered, and he carried
 Netty homeward to his cottage
 By the margin of the pinewood
 On his master's sorrel cob.

He is happy in his toiling,
 In his fair young wife so faithful,
 And the busy town beyond has ne'er
 For him a taste of joy.


Knowledge brings us discontentment,
Makes us feel our wrongs more keenly,
For the gold of worldly wisdom
 Ne'er was yet without alloy.

Hark! a sound among the brushwood,
And a hare is swiftly springing
Across the path, and Joel kicks
 The quadruped to death.
In a moment 'tis secreted
In a loose fold of his jerkin,
And he steps to hurry forward
 With quick and bated breath.

He had gone but half a furlong,
When through the gorse came rushing,
With a face so dark and vengeful,
 Squire's keeper, Ikey Soomb.
"Now then, Joel, I have got you,
You've a hare in that there jerkin,
So come along to Squire, lad,
 And bravely meet your doom."

PART II.

Stands beside a clump of fir trees,
Where the noisy rooks are cawing,
Wheeling darkly round the fringes
 Of the sombre coloured pines,



A little whitewashed cottage,
 And neatly cultured garden,
 Though there were no rich exotic,
 Nor purple clustering vines.

The smoke is slowly curling
 Through the branches overhanging,
 And a youthful wife is sitting
 On a bench beside the door.
 And she sings so softly, sweetly,
 An old song quaint and wierd-like,
 Of a lover lone and weary,
 Pining on a foreign shore.

She sings until the shadows
 In the east begin to deepen,
 And the great sun streaks the westward
 With his bright red golden bars;
 And the azure swiftly changes
 To the sombre gray of twilight,
 And day and night are struggling
 'Neath the twinkling of the stars.

The young wife leaves the garden,
 Sets the oil lamp in the window
 To guide some loved ones footsteps
 Safely homeward by its light;

And she who sang so cheery
 Is sighing, O! 'tis weary,
 O! 'tis weary, weary waiting,
 What keeps Joel late to-night?

PART III.

The dark "Blue Mountains" kiss the sky,
 Away on a southern shore;
 When the convict listens with beating heart
 To the "South Pacific" roar.
 Bright "Alpha" gleams from the "Southern Cross,"
 And the southern breezes sigh;
 And clearly up from the ferny gulch
 Comes the night bird's echoing cry.

At the base of the rugged mountain range
 That belts the Australian coast,
 Where the breakers roar in their foaming strength,
 And the might of old Neptune's host,
 A band of lawless and fearless men,
 Caring nothing for God nor man,
 Are lying around a bright log fire,
 Each under his country's ban.

Each face is hard, each eye is bright,
 With the quenchless fire of hate;
 And they oft have cursed in their heart of hearts
 The world and their luckless fate.

“Come, Joel, lad,” cries a burly wight,
 As he stirs the fire to blaze,
 “Come, tell us a tale of the old home life,
 And the light of the old home days.”

“Nay, Ned, that were not an easy task,
 That makes my heart bleed sore—
 That makes me see through a mist of tears
 The form that I loved of yore.
 It brings again to my throbbing ear
 The clank of the felon’s chain,
 That bound the hand that was never raised
 To my fellows’ loss nor pain.

But only a word, and the tale is told—
 The tale of a blighted life,
 Of a ruined home, and a tainted name,
 Of chains, and a dead young wife.
 I can mind it well—’twas a summer eve,
 More’n thirty years ago,
 When the birds sang gaily on every bough,
 And the June sun brightly shone.

I’d toiled all day ’mong the scented hay,
 And my heart in its joy was light;
 I merrily sang as the hours flew past,
 To bring me the rest of night.

My Netty was home by the old pine wood,
 And my heart was at home with her;
 I longed for her smile, and the kettle's song,
 And the old cat's homely purr.

To be back in my garden, to trim my flowers
 That Netty so loved to see,
 To kiss the lips and the fair white brow
 Of the wife that was dear to me,
 I tripped the mead with a step as light
 As a maid's on the first of May,
 I felt so proud—for that very night
 Were a year from my wedding day.

A hare sprang out of the bush close by,
 And I killed it as it passed,
 I hid it away in my jerkin fold—
 That kill was my first and last.
 I was taken, and tried by a Justice chap,
 A friend of the mighty Squire,
 Who said I'd done such an awful crime,
 Deserving of endless fire.

The keeper he swore I was villainous bad,
 And had been at the work before—
 He smiled when the big chaps took me away,
 Though he knew 'twas a lie he had swore;

I fain would ha' stretched him a tap on the head,
 And laid him as still as a clod,
 But they marched me right away to the town
 And locked me up in the quod.

They stuck me in for a month and a half,
 And when I again was free,
 I made my way to my home by the wood,
 But there were no welcome for me.
 Where was my Netty?—the fire was out,
 And the dust lay thick on the chairs;
 So I went to the homestead of Gaffer Hay,
 And he told me the state of affairs.

Netty had died giving birth to our child,
 And I was alone in the world;
 So I left with the light all out of my life,
 As my curse at the Squire I hurled.
 Had I not been stuck in the jail that night
 My Netty would not ha' died;
 They told her that I was a poacher-thief,
 But she told 'em all as they lied.

But, sorrow for me, she soon found out
 That I was a thief—in a jail!
 And I thinks I hear, though 'tis long since now,
 My poor girl's heart-breaking wail.

I went to the place where my wife and child
 Were lying beneath the sod,
 And I cursed the law that had wrought the harm,
 For the beast were the gift of God.

The Squire's big house on the hill was robbed
 That night as I left my home,
 And the chaps they collared me once again,
 As I stood on the streets of Frome.
 They swore I had done it, though it was a lie
 As black as the mouth of hell !
 They said I had killed a beast, and now
 I had robbed a house as well.

They sent me away from my native land
 To toil on a foreign shore,
 And they cared far less than I did myself
 If I never come back no more.
 My hand is raised against every man,
 And my soul is against my God ;
 For I think if He'd been half like just
 He'd a spared me the awful rod.

Now, there you have gotten my tale, my lads,
 Though it takes me away through the years
 That ha' wrought me pain nigh akin to death,
 And furrowed my cheek with tears.

You know that I aint like a coward, boys,
When danger is in the way,
But there is a spot in my heart, my lads,
Will be soft till my dying day."

EPILOGUE.

A finger points to the future,
Through the mists of the coming years,
And it points to a time when the toiler
Shall know less sorrow and tears—
When man shall stand 'fore his Maker
With merit to give him rank,
And the worker shall know no longer
The hovel, so dreary and dank.
For there shall be law for the poor man,
And justice for those who toil—
Who give to their country greatness
And the fruits of the teeming soil.





ONLY A BUNDLE OF BONES.

ONLY a bundle of bones, poor soul !
I knew him a laughing boy—
His mother's pride, and his father's hope,
And his life all bright with joy ;
When there wasn't a lad in the village school
Could touch him at aught he tried ;
And he seemed cut out for a better sort,
But it looks as if things have lied.

Only a bundle of bones, poor soul !
I knew him in brighter years,
When his face was lit with the joy of youth,
And his eyes were free from tears—
Free from the pangs of a broken heart,
Devoid of a single care ;
With an open brow, and a stalwart frame,
And a wealth of golden hair.

Only a bundle of bones, poor soul !
I've seen him lashed to the wheel,
When he bravely looked in the face of death
With a heart as firm as steel.

He would not blanch when the sea ran high,
 And the winds had a death-like wail;
 When the thunders crashed through the darkened sky,
 'Mid the pitiless rain and hail.

Only a bundle of bones, poor soul!
 He was every messmate's friend;
 And all had a cheery good-will word
 For the heart that could give or lend.
 When the hard-up time would cross our bows,
 And the biscuit was falling low;
 When we didn't feel that we'd see the land
 If the wind didn't mind to blow.

Only a bundle of bones, poor soul!
 I knew as he loved her well;
 And so he might, for a comely lass
 Was my messmate's winsome Nell.
 But she wasn't true, and it cut him up—
 Went straight to his true heart's core;
 And so he took to the grog, and sank—
 Ay, sank to rise no more.

Only a bundle of bones, poor soul!
 When the fever seized his blood
 He hadn't much of the life stuff left,
 And it licked up the crimson flood.

It stopped the pulse of as true a heart
As beat on the ocean's roll;
But it took him back to the God who gave—
Sweet peace to his weary soul.

Only a bundle of bones, poor soul!
With a shot at the head and feet;
With a crowd of hard, rough tars around,
With hearts that could kindly beat
For a dead messmate in his canvas shroud,
For a life that was spoiled and lost,
For one they knew who had reached the haven
No more to be tempest tossed.





WHEN DADDY COMES HAME AT E'EN.

THERE'S an hour o' the day that is brichter far
To the bonnie wee bairnies an' me—
Ay, brichter far than the fair sunshine
That fa's on the shimmerin' sea.
We lang for the time when the auld bell rings
In the to'er oot there on the green,
For it brings us a pleasure we only ken
When daddy comes hame at e'en.

There is licht in his e'e,
There is love in his heart,
There is strength in his airm, I ween ;
He is lord o' oor hame,
He is king o' oor hearts,
That we welcome sae kin'ly at e'en.


We ken o' the heart-draps sae freely spilt
In the field 'mang the scented hay,
An' we ken that his darg is dreary and lang
Through the chill o' the winter day.

I ken fu' weel that he's brave o' heart,
 That I reign as its only queen ;
 An' that's hoo we lang for the thankfu' hour,
 When daddy comes hame at e'en.

There is licht in his e'e,
 There is love in his heart,
 An' strength in his airm, I ween ;
 He is lord o' oor hame,
 He is king o' oor hearts,
 That we welcome sae kin'ly at e'en.

When the snell blast rairs doon the bare hillside,
 He is ready at duty's call ;
 When the snaw lies deep in the mountain gorge,
 An' the sheep are no' in the faul',
 He braves the blast wi' a giant's strength,
 Till the lamkins are safe an' bi'en ;
 An' we are proud, an' oor hearts are fain,
 When daddy comes hame at e'en.

There is licht in his e'e,
 There is love in his heart,
 An' strength in his airm, I ween ;
 He is lord o' oor hame,
 He is king o' oor hearts,
 That we welcome sae kin'ly at e'en.



I darn an' mak' duddies the day by the length
 For the callans are camsteerie loons ;
 I spread the white cloot wi' the airt that I hae,
 An' burnish the knives an' the spunes.
 I set oot the supper wi' pride an' wi' care,
 Mak' a' things look cosy an' clean ;
 While ilk ane amang us is waitin' fu' fain
 Till daddy comes hame at e'en.

There is licht in his e'e,
 There is love in his heart,
 An' strength in his airm, I ween :
 He is lord o' oor hame,
 He is king o' oor hearts,
 That we welcome sae kin'ly at e'en.

Oor life wings alang, wi' a whuff noo an' than
 O' the dark han' o' cauld Daddy Care ;
 But we ken that the sunshine will glint oot again—
 That the day will be sunny an' fair.
 But, 'mid a' the darkness, there's aye ae bit hour
 That comes wi' a soul-fillin' sheen,
 That mak's us fu' canty, an' aye unco fain,
 When daddy comes hame at e'en.

For there's licht in his e'e,
 There is love in his heart,
 An' strength in his airm, I ween ;

He is lord o' oor hame,
 He is king o' oor hearts,
 That we welcome sae kin'ly at hame.

BAIRNIES, BIDE A WEE.

CHILL puirtith's cauld blast blaws fu' snell,
 An' sorrow's wintry snaws
 Are deckin' mony a droopin' pow;
 The saut tear quickly fa's
 Adoon the cheek o' youth and age
 Frae mony a weary e'e;
 But hope aye points to brichter things,
 Sae bairnies, bide a wee.

There's no' a care or sorrow
 That a weary soul can dree,
 But yet may bring a gowden blink—
 Sae, bairnies, bide a wee.

There's mony a rut on life's stey brae
 That roucher mak's the road;
 There's mony a pang to wring the heart,
 An' heavier mak' the load;

For sorrow comes on sorrow's back
 To grip baith you an' me,
 But tak' meek patience by the han'
 An' nobly bide a wee.

There's no' a care nor sorrow
 That a weary heart can dree,
 But yet may bring a gowden blink—
 Sae, bairnies, bide a wee.

The warl' may frown, an' when it glooms
 It's scorn is sair to bide;
 But, pure o' heart, haud up yer heid,
 Maintain your honest pride.
 The warl' will kneel at humble feet,
 An' gaur the shadows flee,
 If ye but keep unfalterin' gait,
 An' firmly bide a wee.

There's no' a care nor sorrow
 That a weary soul can dree,
 But yet may bring a gowden blink—
 Sae, bairnies, bide a wee.

The frien' will come, the frien' will gang,
 When puirtith's keekin' ben;
 But never fash your eident pow,
 'Tis but the ways o' men.

That ye can firmly stan' your lane
 Let ilka birkie see,
 An' throw fause frien'ship to the kites,
 An' bravely bide a wee.

There's no' a care nor sorrow
 That a weary heart can dree,
 But yet may bring a gowden blink—
 Sae, bairnies, bide a wee.

But if wi' fechtin' ye grow faint
 In deepenin' shades o' eild,
 Be fain to turn your face to Him
 Wha is your sword and shield;
 And thro' the mirk ye'll get a blink
 O' your kin' Faither's e'e,
 Wha e'en will tak' ye to Himsel',
 If ye but bide a wee.

There's no' a care nor sorrow
 That a weary soul can dree,
 But yet may bring a gowden blink—
 Sae, bairnies, bide a wee.



A D R E A M.

I DREAMT that I walked at the close of day
By a ruin old moss-grown and grey,
Where the winding Nith rolls on its way
Adown to the murmuring sea.
I heard the ripple of Clouden's stream,
Like the soft sweet music of a dream ;
I saw its wavelets sparkle and gleam
As they leaped and danced in the pale moonbeam
As if in ecstasy.

I heard through the trees the night wind sigh,
And the grey owl's weird-like echoing cry,
As it sat away up on the turret high
Saluting the orb of night.
And as I gazed on the hoary fane,
Methought I saw a funeral train
Of nuns. On each brow was a shadow of pain,
And the tear-drops fell like April rain
When the sun is shining bright.

They bore on a litter of sapplings green
A form with the grace and air of a queen,
But in the pale moon's silvery sheen
Her eyes seemed glassy and dim.

As they slowly entered the ruin old,
 She waved a sceptre of burnished gold,
 And the nuns they knelt while their beads they told,
 And methought that distant thunder rolled
 As they chanted her requiem.

Then flashed forth a flood of golden light,
 That chased the shadows of the night
 Away, revealing to my sight
 A dazzling array
 Of stalwart knights, and ladies fair
 With wreaths of snowdrops in their hair,
 Moving about with buoyant air,
 As if a shadow of pain or care
 Had never passed their way.

They glided about in the sacred pile;
 The nuns were chanting aloud the while;
 That face lit up with a radiant smile
 Whose eyes were glassy and dim.
 But now they beamed with a joyous light
 As she smiled and gazed on the goodly sight—
 On the youthful and beauteous array that night,
 Of maiden fair and stalwart wight,
 And warrior bearded and grim.

Then out from the midst of that brilliant throng
 Came a knight with hair like snow, and long,

And he slowly wandered the nuns among
 With melancholy air.
 His form was clad in a doublet grey,
 A wicked light in his eye did play;
 I bent mine ear, and I heard him say
 To that queenly form as she gracefully lay,
 And toyed with her golden hair.

“Tis thus that the proud and the beautiful come
 To hide away in the depths of gloom,
 To seek their rest in the silent tomb;
 Thou art welcome, welcome here.”
 He knelt him down and chanted a prayer,
 Then weird-like echoings filled the air,
 The lightning flashed with a lurid glare,
 And nuns, and knights, and ladies fair,
 Like a flash did disappear.

The moon now shone with a sickly ray,
 And the cock did herald the dawn of day,
 With faltering steps I took my way
 Into the sacred pile,
 Where I saw the grave and the sculptured stone*
 Of one who might have shared a throne—
 Who once 'mid Scotland's glory shone,
 But now in death is sleeping on
 In grey Lincluden's aisle.

* The tomb of the Princess Margaret of Scotland,
 in Lincluden Abbey.



THE BONNIE BLUE BELLS AN'
THE YARROW.

THERE cam' a braw lad to the bonnie green braes,
To the bonnie green braes o' Glenmarra ;
An' O ! he was fain in the lang simmer days
To pu' the blue bells an' the yarrow.
His form was sae tall, an' his face was sae fair,
His voice was sae sweet an' sae winnin',
That a maiden micht willin'ly gi'e him her heart
An' think that she ne'er could be sinnin'.

O ! when will he come, O ! when will he come
To the bonnie green braes o' Glenmarra ?
Where thegither we spent the lang simmer days
'Mang the bonnie blue bells an' the yarrow.

The laverock was singin' sae clear an' sae sweet,
As he soared awa' up in the ether ;
An' the lintie was liltin' sae loud an' sae lang
As he flitted aboot 'mang the heather ;

The dewdraps were clingin' to ilk blade o' grass,
 Like gems in the croon o' the mornin',
 When he twined me a garland o' bricht simmer flowers
 That our bonnie hillside were adornin'.

O! when will he come, O! when will he come
 To the bonnie green braes o' Glenmarra?
 Where thegither we spent the lang simmer days
 'Mang the bonnie blue bells an' the yarrow.

He ca'd me his Flora, an' asked me to wed
 When he cam' back again to Glenmarra;
 When the simmer flowers scented the air we wad meet
 'Mang the bonnie blue bells an' the yarrow.
 But a year has gane bye an' he comes na again,
 His absence o'erwhelms me wi' sorrow;
 But faith has an unco snug hame in my heart,
 An' I aye think he's comin' to-morrow.

O! when will he come, O! when will he come
 To the bonnie green braes o' Glenmarra,
 Where thegither we spent the lang simmer days
 'Mang the bonnie blue bells an' the yarrow.



WHAT I LO'E.

I LO'E to see the laverock spring frae the dewy lawn,
Wi' sweet an' thrillin' matin sang to greet the rosy
dawn,

Mountin' on airy pinions to the bricht ethereal blue,
Or swiftly sweeping back again to his nest among the
dew.

I lo'e to hear the burnie brawlin' doon the shady glen ;
Or hear the lood din o' the linn far frae the haunts o'
men,

An' its waters seethe an' whirl in the eddyin' pool
below—

Its bosom decked wi' fleecy foam white as the virgin
snow.

I lo'e to see the maukins scud oot ower the flowery lea,
Or buds fast burstin' into bloom upon the greenwood
tree ;

I lo'e to hear the sturdy kine low on the distant hill,
Or listen to the happer o' the noisy clachan mill ;
To the ringin' o' the studdy in the smiddy on the green,
Whar village " Johnnies " often meet to gossip i' the
e'en.

But, quately, frien', abune them a' I lo'e the gloamin'
 grey,
 When eastern shadows creepin' ower tell o' the close o'
 day;
 When wi' a heart brimfu' o' love I steal oot ower the lea
 To meet the bonnie blue-eyed lass that's a' the warl'
 to me.

TAM BENNOCHY'S DREAM.

TAM Bennochty lived at the Brocklaw Wood En',
 Langsyne in the days o' my grannie;
 The great stupid donnert had lived by himsel'
 Till the neebours a' ca'ed him uncanny.
 Auld Sally M'Turk swore that last Hallowe'en
 The deil drave him aff in a noddy,
 An' took him awa' to the ill bit, ye ken,
 To hae a nicht's swatlin' o' toddy.
 "I wish I'd been there," said auld Simon M'Drouth,
 When he heard the auld gossip's palaver,
 "I micht hae fa'en in wi' a wee spiel-the-wa'—
 But, Sally, your story's a haver."

Tam Bennochty lived at the Brocklaw Wood En',
 An' he stood a guid ell in his stockin's;

To tell ye the truth, too, he wasna sae auld,
 For he still gaed to weddin's an' rockin's;
 He'd joost jookit roon' his twa score an' twa,
 When my grannie's auld coo lap the ligget,
 An' hel' awa ower to the Linkens like stour,
 Wi' her tail like the jib o' a frigate;
 His hair was as black as the minister's coat,
 His e'en were like stars i' the gloamin',
 An', faith, he was lo'esome as ony gaun by,
 But his weddin' was gey lang o' comin';
 His mailen was stockit wi' horses an' kye,
 His craps were the wale o' the county;
 There ne'er was a gangrel that e'er cam' his gate
 But gaed awa' glad wi' his bounty;
 His pow was alow wi' the lear o' the lan',
 Frae Geoffrey to Robin the Ranter,
 An', faith, when at Can'lemas he took the floor,
 He tripped to the lilt o' the chanter.
 The warl' was bricht, an' the warl' was dull,
 It was joost as the chiel took the wecht o't,
 Till even and eyn he took thocht o' a wife
 To help wi' the warl' an' the fecht o't.

Tam Bennoch sat by his ingle ae nicht
 When bricht in the lift Luna keekit,
 His brain was a-tirlin' about upside doon,
 For, to tell ye the truth, he was smeekit.

There's naething like whisky for feedin' the lowe
 That burns for the queen o' creation,
 An' Tam was gey eidently smoothin' his pow,
 As he jerkit oot, " Wife, botheration !"
 But sleep, wi' her saft rosy mou', kissed his een,
 An' he drappit his heid on the table ;
 He souched wi' the soun' o' the cauld Milton San's,
 An' snored, ay, as lood's he was able ;
 He dreamed an' he dreamed for the length o' the night
 O' lasses a' bouncin' like kimmers,
 An' some were joost loupin' the dyke frae their teens,
 While ithers had seen twa score simmers ;
 Ae bonnie young cratur' joost took Tammie's e'e,
 Her locks were like sunlight at dawnin',
 Her form was as lithe as the swan on the pool,
 An' her een were soon Tam's heart trepannin' ;
 But whiles she was haughty, an' whiles she was shy,
 An' lookit at Tam unco pawky,
 An', faith, he whiles thocht that the licht o' her e'e
 Said, " Wha e'er wad marry a gawky ?"
 But Tam gaed a-wooin', an' O ! he was fain,
 He coaxed an' he fleetched wi' his dawtie,
 Till at length she consented to gang wi' him hame,
 An' for life to tak' share o' his tattie.
 But, O ! she was bonnie, an' O ! she was braw,
 She cost Tammie nae en' o' siller,
 He cuddled an' kissed her an' ca'd her his doo,
 But the meal cam' hame short frae the miller ;

The soo took the fever, the kye drappit aff,
 The butter gaed wrang in the kirnin',
 The hens wadna lay, an' the turkeys gaed gyte,
 But she sat in the drawin'-room girnin';
 The farm gaed to jap, an' the bummers cam' in
 An' hoisted puir Tam to the causey,
 But naething stack to him but auld collie, "Clyde"—
 He was jookit e'en by his dear lassie.

Tam Bennochty lap wi' a loup to his feet,
 An' blessed a' his stars he'd been dreamin',
 His dark locks were very near standin' on en',
 An' the sweat doon his braid broo was streamin';
 The sun was joost keekin' ower Bengairn top,
 The birds were alive in the meadow,
 He swore there an aith, loud an' lang, by my faith,
 That he'd never wed maiden nor widow.
 But haud a wee, Tam, schemes o' mice an' men
 Get dang, as the wife did the weaver;
 Ye e'en yet may wed some bit lassie fu' snod,
 Wha wad no' for the warl' play deceiver.
 Tam linkit awa' to the hill to his lambs,
 His heid reemed wi' thochts o' his dawtie,
 He puffed an' he snorted as he clamb the brae,
 He didna care for her a—tattie;
 He looked awa' doon the hillside to the Glen,
 The sun glinted on the wee steadin',

The maillies were there by the open faul yett,
 An' the stirks on the bricht blade were feedin';
 His heart lap within him—"There's Jess o' the Glen,
 Ods rackit, she'd make me a marrow,
 There's naething she canna get roon' on a farm,
 E'en to followin' the ploo' an' the harrow;
 She's no' joost the flo'er I set up for a wife,
 But, losh, she's a sensible body,
 She's no' void o' lear, an' she's no' bare o' gear,
 An' waur wives hae saved frae the wuddy;
 Her een, when I think o't, are pawky an' bricht,
 Her locks like the wing o' the raven,
 I min' ance o' hearin' auld Ben o' the Banks
 Say she sang like an angel in heaven;
 She's joost thirty-five, but townonds bring sense
 An' strength to do war wi' the deevil—
 Sae, hap weel an' wrap weel, I'll ax her ower hame,
 For the lassie was aye passin' ceevil."

Noo Jess o' the Glen reigns at Brocklaw Wood En',
 Wi' three sturdy limmers o' lassies
 Wi' Tam for their dad, wha is never sae mad
 When he gangs heid ower heels in his glasses,
 As when his guidwife, wha's the guide o' his life,
 Says, "Tam, can ye min' o' yer dreamin',
 When horses an' kye gaed aff by the sky,
 When your first wifie took to the screamin'?"

There's been sunshine an' mirk at the Bröcklaw Wood

En',

But Jess stan's thro' a' like a woman,
An' Tam lo'es the licht o' her bonnie bricht een,

An' the ring o' her sang in the gloamin';
He's happy, his hoose is fu' trig an' fu' braw,

He's rouch wi' the gear o' the warl',
He blesses the day he gaed ower to the Glen
To crack ower a dram an' a farl.

DAVY DEAN.

WHEN the nicht drew nigh, an' the simmer sky
Bore its tints o' purple an' gowd;
When shadows sae deep frae the east creep,
An' the mavis was singin' sae loud.

Auld Robin an' me, 'neath the auld aik tree
That grows at the head o' the dell,
Sat calm an' serene, as we gazed on a scene
O' whilk many tongues canna tell.

Just there where the rill turns the foot o' the hill,
An' flows 'neath the auld wooden brig,
Methinks, as I gaze through the past's misty haze,
I see a wee cottage sae trig.

But there's nae cottage noo, for the track o' the ploo'
 Is there where the cottage ance stood !
 When the skuil bairns gae by they look frichtened an' shy,
 As if 'twere some dark scene o' blood.

Mony changin' years, wi' there sunshine an' tears,
 Hae flown syne my frien' Davy Dean
 Took a bonnie young wife as his pairtner through life,
 An' a blither lass couldna be seen.

They dreamt their love dream by that wee siller stream,
 In that cottage wi' roses o'er clad ;
 While the hale simmer day, nane sae happy as they,
 For their hearts were sae lightsome an' glad.

Davy Dean was a chiel wi' a heart that could feel
 For a frien' wha had ta'en sorrow's han' ;
 An' there ne'er was a trace on his bricht honest face
 That betokened aught else but the man.

Young Eppie, his wife, was the pride o' his life,
 On her cheek was the bloom o' the rose ;
 An' her bonnie dark een beamed wi' that wondrous sheen
 That the soul's rarest beauties disclose.

He would merrily sing, an' his stithy wad ring
 Wi' the stroke o' his brawny richt arm ;
 An' frae mornin' till nicht, by the bricht fire licht,
 The honest man's bread he would earn.

A' the hale country roon', baith in clachan an' toon,
 Ilka body would praise Davy Dean,
 For the kind word was sure for the rich or the puir,
 An' truth keeked frae his bonnie blue een.

But years flee sae fast by us into the past,
 An' to some they bring sorrow an' tears;
 While ane here an' there may jook auld Daddy Care,
 An' his cauld grip that withers an' sears.

At that wee cottage door, whilk I spak' o' before,
 Afttimes in the shades o' the e'en,
 Wi' love's licht in his e'e, an' his bairn on his knee,
 In his pride hae I seen Davy Dean.

But ae doolfu' day ruthless death cam' the way,
 An' Eppie, the licht o' his hame,
 Wi' her wee prattlin' wean by the tyrant was ta'en,
 An' Davy was left by his lane.

Aneath the green swaird, in the auld kirkyaird,
 Where the ivy creeps up the kirk wa',
 She is lyin' at rest, wi' her bairn on her breast,
 'Neath a big bush where blossoms the haw.

Davy bent 'neath the stroke like a sturdy green oak
 That the lichtnin' had struck in the storm;
 His stalwart frame shook, an' his dull vacant look
 Tauld ower weel how the heart had been torn.

Nane noo heard him sing, nor his auld anvil ring,
 Nor saw they the red fire's glare;
 Greet him where ye nicht, by day or by nicht,
 He met ye wi' nocht but a stare.

He caredna ava for the frost nor the snaw,
 Nor the winter win's cauld bitin' breath;
 Nor the fresh breathin' spring, when the wee birdies
 sing,
 But aye looked as if waitin' for death.

Ae cauld frosty nicht, when the starnies sae bricht,
 Like wee jewels studded the sky,
 Tired, and weary o' life, on the grave o' his wife,
 Puir Davy Dean lay doon to die.

At the break o' the day, in the chill morning grey,
 He was found in the cauld clutch o' death;
 His pure soul had soared to the anes he adored—
 Noo a' free frae the worl' an' its skaith.





IN THE GLOAMIN'.

I SAT by yonder ruin grey
Fu' pensive, at the close o' day,
When gloamin' shadows crept away
Oot ower the deep'nin' blue.

My thochts gaed through the mist o' years,
Pregnant wi' sorrows an' wi' tears,
But aye the sunbeam cam' that cheers
The heart through dool and wae,

To youthfu' years that happy time,
Touchin' my sense like vesper chime,
Or like some pure sweet thrillin' rhyme
Wi' echoin' refrain,

When by auld Nith's clear wimplin' stream
At eve I dreamt the poet's dream—
When nature in her bounty seemed
Sae guid an' kind to me.

'Twas then I saw the limpid wave
In sportive glee the floweret lave,
Or heard it murmur in the cave,
My fancy made for me.

'Twas then the daisy closed its e'e,
 An' bent its head to sweetly pree
 The diamond dew that to the lea
 Brocht new life frae abune.

'Twas then the throstle's mellow sang
 Resounded distant woods amang,
 Awak'nin' echoes loud and lang,
 But O! how sweet to me.

'Twas then the stars cam' keekin' through,
 Gem-like, the deep ethereal blue,
 Like hope that cheers the heart that's fou
 O' sorrow, grief, or care.

A sma' voice cam' frae ilka sphere
 The weary earthworm soul to cheer,
 An' saftly said, "it isna here
 That perfect rest is found."

'Twas then my Peggie's bonnie e'e
 Was a' alicht wi' love for me—
 A pure, sweet love that couldna dee
 Wi' sorrow, cauld, nor care.

Noo Time has tinged my locks wi' grey,
 My strength an' youth hae passed away,
 But aye I'll bless the happy day
 She gied her heart to me.

The whisperin' wavelet's ambient gleam
 That dances in the limpid stream ;
 The tender flowerets perfumed breath
 Shall soothe me in the hour o' death ;
 The songster, warblin' sweet and clear,
 My sinkin' heart will ever cheer ;
 An' yonder twinklin' stars above
 Shall fill my heart wi' faith an' love.
 An' when life's gloamin' shadows fa',
 My Peggie's love will be my a'—
 Love (pure unselfish hallow'd power)
 That cheers the Bardie's chequered hour.



